

Bussy D'Ambois:
A
TRAGEDIE:

As it hath been often Acted with
great Applause.

*Being much corrected and amended
by the Author before his death.*

~~THE REVENGE OF BUSSY D'AMBOIS~~
*This is not the same Play as The Revenge of Bussy
D'Ambois - vol. 163.*

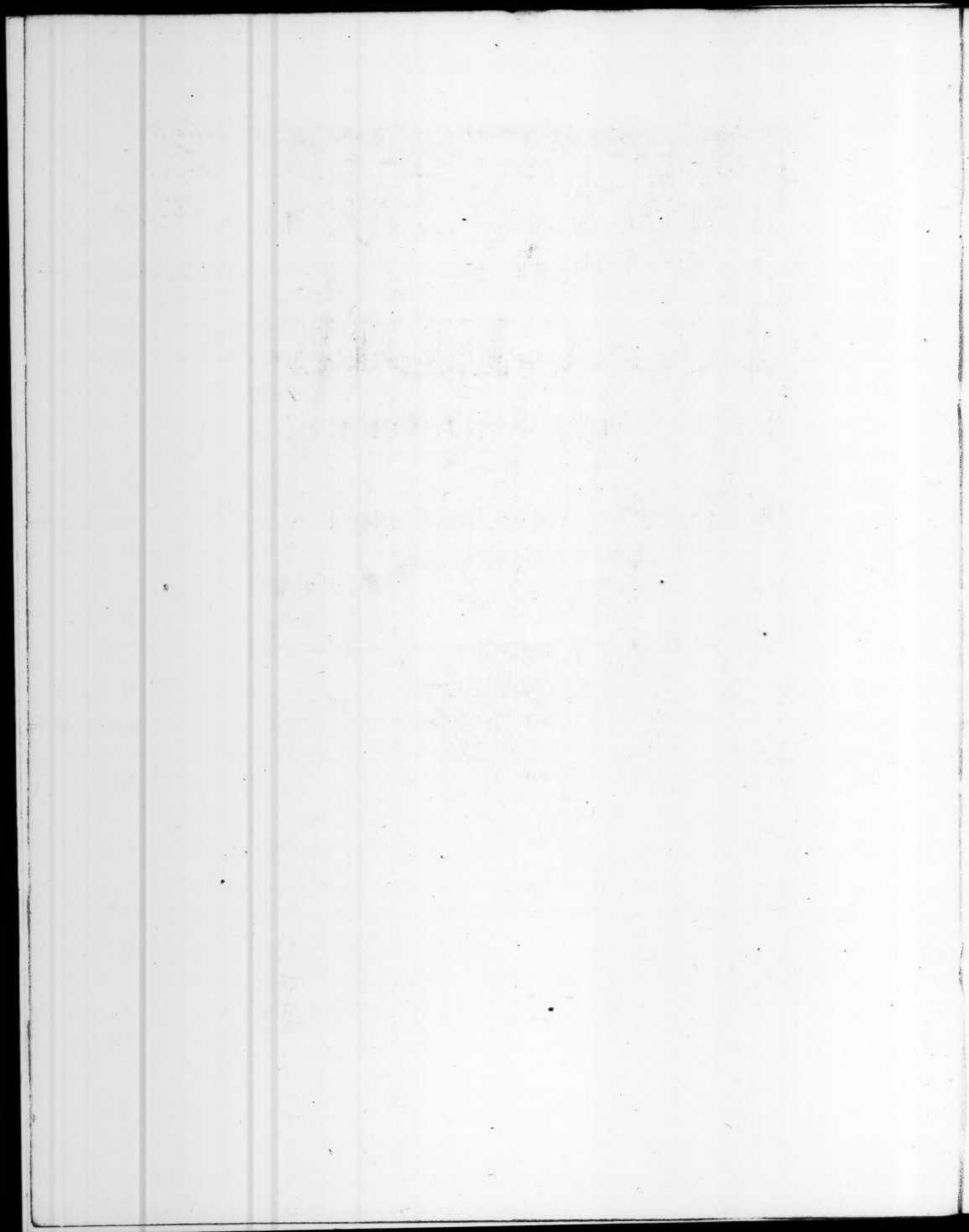
*See Bussy D'Ambois
vol. 163 which is
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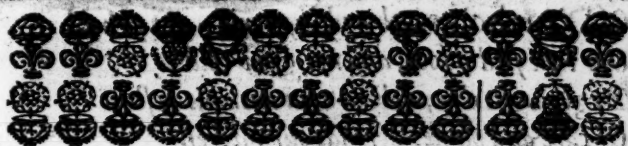


LONDON:

Printed by A. N. for Robert Lammie, and are to be sold at his
house next doore to the signe of the Crane on Lambeth
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*collated
Perfect.
J. H. 1798.*





Prologue.

Not out of confidence that none but wee
Are able to present this Tragedie,
Nor out of envie at the grace of late
It did receive, nor yet to derogate
From their deserts, who give out boldly, that
They move with equall feet on the same flat;
Neither for all, nor any of such ends,
Wee offer it, gracious and noble friends,
To your review, wee farre from emulation
(And charitably judge from imitation)
With this work entertaine you, a peece knowne
And still beleeu'd in Court to be our owne,
To quit our claime, doubting our right or merit,
Would argue in us poverty of spirit
Which we must not subscribe to: Field is gone
Whose Action first did give it name, and one
Who came the neereſt to him, is denide
By his gray beard to shew the height and pride

Of D'Ambois youth and braverie; yet to hold
Our title still a foot, and not grow cold
By giving it o're, a third man with his best
Of care and paines defends our interest;
As Richard he was lik'd, nor doe wee feare,
In personating D'Ambois, hee'll appeare
To faint, or goe lesse, so your free consent
As heretofore give him encouragement.

Bussy

Bussy D'Ambois :

A

TRAGEDIE.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter Bussy D'Ambois poore.



Fortune, not Reason, rules the state of things,
Reward goes backwards, Honor on his head;
Who is not poore, is monstrous, only Need
Gives forme and worth to every humane seed.
As Cedars beate[n] with continuall stormes,
So great men flourish; and doe imitate
Unskillfull statuarios, who suppose
(In forming a Colossus) if they make him
Stroddle enough, stroot, and look bigg, and gape,
Their work is goodly: to men meere great
(In their affected gravity of voice,
Sowerneesse of countenance, manners cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawne of Fortune)
Think they beare all the Kingdomes worth before them;
Yet differ not from those Colossick Statues,
Which with Heroique formes without o're-spread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint and lead.
Man is a Torch borne in the winde; a Dreame
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
And as great Seamen using all their wealth
And skills in *Nepinnes* deepe invisible pathes,

A 3

In

In tall Ships richly built and ribd with brasse,
To put a Girdle round about the world,
When they have done it (comming neere their Haven)
Are faine to give a warning peece, and call
A poore staid fisher-man, that never past
His Countries sight, to waite and guide them in :
So when we wander furthest through the waves
Of Glasse Glory and the Gulles of State,
Topt with all Titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private Arme would sphere the earth,
Wee must to vertue for her guide resort,
Or wee shall shipwrack in our safest Port.

Procumbit.

Monfieur with two Pages.

There is no second place in Numerous State
That holds more than a Cypher : In a King
All places are contain'd. His words and looks
Are like the flathes and the bokes of *Love*,
His deeds inimitable, like the Sea
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracks,
Nor prints of President for meane mens facts :
There's but a Thred betwixt me and a Crowne ;
I would not wish it cut, unlesse by nature ;
Yet to prepare me for that possible Fortune,
Tis good to get resolved spirits about mee.
I follow'd *D' Ambois* to this Greene Retreat ;
A man of spirit beyond the reach of feare,
Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
Neglects the light, and loves obscure Abodes ;
But hee is young and haughty, apt to take
Fire at advancement, to beare state, and flourish ;
In his Rise therefore shall my bounties shine :
None lothes the world so much, nor loves to scoffe it,
But gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.
What, *D' Ambois* ?

Buss. He sir.

Monf. Turn'd to Earth, alive ?
Up man, the Sunne shines on thee.

Buss.

Busse. Let it shine.
I am no more to play in it, as great men are.

Mons. Callest thou men great in state, mores in the sunne &
They say so that would have thee freeze in shades,
That (like the grosse Sicilian Gurmundist)
Empty their Noses in the Cates they love,
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the Banquet Fortune sets before thee
And thou wilt loath leane Darknesse like thy Death.
Who would beleve thy mettall could let sloth
Rust and consume it? If *Themistocles*
Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th' Athenian state,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves,
If brave *Camillus* had lurckt so in Rome,
He had not five times beene Dictator there,
Nor four times triumpht. If *Epaminondas*
(Who liv'd twice twenty yeeres obscur'd in Thebes)
Had liv'd so still, he had beene still unnam'd,
And paid his Country nor himselfe their right:
But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both
From imminent ruine; and like burnisht Steele,
After long use he shin'd; for as the light
Not only serves to shew, but render us
Mutually profitable; so our lives
In acts exemplarie, not only winne
Our selves good Names, but doe to others give
Matter for vertuous Deeds, by which wee live.

Busse. What would you wish me?

Mons. Leave the troubled streames,
And live where Thrivers doe at the Well head.

Busse. At the Well head? Alas what should I doe
With that enchanted Glasse? See devils there?
Or (like a strumpet) learne to set my looks
In an eternall Brake, or practise juggling,
To keepe my face still fast, my heart still loose;
Or beare (like Darnes Schoolmistresses their Riddles)
Two Tongues, and be good only for a shift;
Flatter great Lords, to put them still in minde

Why

Busy D' Ambass.

Why they were made Lords : or please humorous Ladies
With a godd carriage, tell them idle Tales,
To make their Physick work, spend a mans life
In fights and visitations, that will make
His eyes as hollow as his Mistrisse heart :
To doe none good, but those that have no need ;
To gaine being forward, though you break for haste
All the Commandements ere you break your fast ;
But Beleeve backwards, make your Period
And Creeds last Article, I beleeve in God :
And (hearing villanies preacht) t' unfold their Art
Learne to commit them, 'Tis a great mans Part.
Shall I learne this there ?

Monf. No, thou needst not learne,
Thou hast the Theoric, now goe there and practise.

Busf. I, in a thrid-bare suit ; when men come there,
They must have high Naps, and goe from thence bare :
A man may drowne the parts of ten rich men
In one poore suit ; Brave Barks, and outward Glosse
Attract Court Loves, be in parts ne're so grosse.

Monf. Thou shalt have Glosse enough, and all things fit
T'enchase in all shew thy long smothered spirit :
Be rul'd by me then. The old Scythians
Painted blinde Fortunes powerfull hands with wings,
To shew her gifts come swift and suddenly,
Which if her Favorite be not swift to take,
He loses them forever. Then be wise :
Stay but a while here, and I'll send to thee.

Exit Monf.

Manet Busf.

Busf. What will he send ? some Crowns ? It is to sow them
Upon my spirit, and make them spring a Crowne
Worth Millions of the seed Crownes he will send,
Like to disparking noble Husbandmen,
Hee'll put his Plow into me, Plow me up :
But his unsweating thrift is policie,
And learning-hating policie is ignorant
To fit his seed-land soyl ; a smooth plain ground
Will never nourish any politick seed ;
I am for honest Actions, not for great :

If I may bring up a new fashion,
And rise in Court for vertue; speed his plow:
The King hath knowne me long as well as hee,
Yet could my Fortune never fit the length
Of both their understandings till this houre.
There is a deepe nicke in times restlesse wheels
For each mans good, when which nicke comes it strikes;
As Rhetorick, yet workes not perswasion,
But only is a meane to make it worke:
So no man riseth by his reall merit,
But when it cries Clincke in his Raisers spirit.
Many will say, that cannot rise at all,
Mans first houres rise is first step to his fall:
I'le venture that; men that fall low must die,
As well as men cast headlong from the skie.

Ent. Maffe.

Humor of Princes: Is this wretch indu'd
With any merit worth a thousand Crownes?
Will my Lord have me be to ill a Steward
Of his Revenue, to dispose a summe
So great with so small cause as shewes in him?
I must examine this: Is your name *D'Ambois*?

Buss. Sir,

Maff. Is your name *D'Ambois*?

Buss. Who have we here?

Serue you the Monsieur?

Maff. How?

Buss. Serve you the Monsieur?

Maff. Sir, y^e are very hot. I doe serve the Monsieur;
But in such place as gives me the Command *Table Chesbord*
Of all his other servants: And because *& Tapers behind*
His Graces pleasure is, to give your good *the Arras.*
His Passe through my Command, Me thinks you might
Vie me with more respect.

Buss. Crie you mercy.
Now you have opened my dull eies, I see you;
And would be glad to see the good you speake of:

What

What might I call your name?

Maff. Monsieur *Maff*.

Buss. Monsieur *Maff*? Then good Monsieur *Maff*,
Pray let me know you better.

Maff. Pray doe so,

That you may use me better. For your selfe,
By your no better outside, I would judge you
To be some Poet; Have you given my Lord
Some Pamphlet?

Buss. Pamphlet?

Maff. Pamphlet sir, I say.

Buss. Did your great Masters goodnesse leave this good
That is to passe your charge, to my poore use,
To your discretion?

Maff. Though he did not sir,

I hope 'tis no rude office to aske reason,

How that his Grace gives me in charge goes from me?

Buss. That's very perfect sir.

Maff. Why very good sir;

I pray then give me leave: If for no Pamphlet,
May I not know what other merit in you,
Makes his compunction willing to relieve you?

Buss. No merit in the world sir,

Maff. That is strange.

Y'are a poore souldier, are you?

Buss. That I am sir.

Maff. And have Commanded?

Buss. I, and gone without sir.

Maff. I see the man: A hundred Crowns will make him
Swagger, and drinke healths to his Graces bounty;
And I sweare he could not be more bountifull.
So these nine hundred Crowns buy'd; here a souldier,
His grace hath sent you a whole hundred Crownes.

Buss. A hundred find Nay doe his Highnesse right;
I know his hand is larger, and perhaps
I may deserve more than my outside shewes:
I am a Poet, as I am a Souldier,
And I can Poetise; and (being well encourag'd)

May sing his fame for giving; yours for delivering
(Like a most faithfull Steward) what he gives.

Maff. What shall your subject be ?

Buff. I care not much,
If to his bounteous Grace I sing the praise,
Of faire great Noses, And to you of long ones.
What Qualities have you fir (beside your chaine
And velvet Jacket) Can your worship dance ?

Maff. A pleasant fellow faith : It seemes my Lord
Will have him for his Jester ; And berlady
Such men are now no foolcs, 'Tis a Knights place :
If I (to save his Grace some Crownes) should urge him
To take his Bountie, I should not be heard ;
I would to heaven I were an errant Assc,
For then I should be sure to have the Eares
Of these great men, where now their Jesters have them :
'Tis good to please him, yet He take no notice
Of his preferment, but in policie
Will still be grave and serious, lest he thinke
I feare his wooden dagger : Here fir Ambo,

D' Amb. How, Ambo fir ?

Maff. I is not your name Ambo ?

D' Amb. You call'd me lately *D' Amboys*, has your Worship
So short a head ?

Maff. I cry thee mercy *D' Amboys*.

A thousand Crownes I bring you from my Lord ;
If you be thriftie and play the good husband, you may make
This a good standing living, 'Tis a Bountie,
His Highnesse might perhaps have bestow'd better.

D' Amb. Goe, y' are a Raskall ; hence, Away you Rogue.

Maff. What meane you fir ?

D' Amb. Hence ; prate no more ;
Or by thy villans blood thou pratest thy last :
A Barbarous Groome, grudge at his masters Bountie :
But since I know he would as much abhorre
His hinde should argue what he gives his friend,
Take that Sir, for your aptnesse to dispute.

Maff. These Crownes are set in blood, blood be the fruit.

Exit.

*Henry, Guise, Monsurry, Elene, Tanyra, Beaupre, (1)
Però, Charlotte, Pyra, Annable.*

Henr. Duchess of Guise, your Grace is much enricht,
In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will initiate her Prime of youth,
(Dispos'd to Court conditions) under the hand
Of your prefer'd instructions and Command,
Rather than any in the English Court,
Whose Ladies are not matcht in Christendome;
For gracefull and confirm'd behaviours;
More than the Court where they are bred is equall'd.

Guif. I like not their Court-fashion, it is too crestfalne,
In all observance; making Demi-gods
Of their great Nobles; and of their old Queene
An ever-yong, and most immortall Goddesse.

Mont. No question shee's the rarest Queene in Europe.

Guif. But what's that to her Immortality?

Henr. Assure you Cosen Guise, so great a Courtier,
So full of majestie and Royall parts,

No Queene in Christendome may vaunt her selfe,

Her Court approves it, That's a Court indeed

Not mixt with Clowneries us'd in common houses;

But, as Courts should be th'abstracts of their kingdomes,

In all the Beautie, State, and Worth they hold;

So is hers, ampie, and by her inform'd.

The world is not contracted in a man;

With more proportion and expression,

Than in her Court, her Kingdome: Our French Court

Is a meere mirror of confusion to it;

The King and subject, Lord and every slave,

Dance a continuall Haic: Our Roomes of State;

Kept like our stables; no place more observ'd

Than a rude Market-place: and though our Customs

Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes,

'Tis here the lesse essentially unsightly,

Which they would loone see, would they change their forme

To

To this of ours, and then compare them both;
Which we must not affect, because in Kingdomes,
Where the Kings change doth breed the Subjects terror,
Pure Innovation is more grosse than error.

Mont. No Question we shall see them imitate
(Though a farre off) the fashions of our Courts,
As they have ever Ap't us in attire;
Never were men so weary of their skins,
And apt to leape out of themselves as they;
Who when they travell to bring forth rare men,
Come home delivered of a fine French suit:
Their Braines lie with their Tailors, and get babies
For their most compleat issue; Hee's sole heire
To all the morall vertues, that first greetes
The light with a new fashion, which becomes them
Like Apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men.

Henr. No Question they much wrong their reall worth,
In affectation of outlandish Scumme;
But they have faults, and we more; They foolishly proud,
To jet in others plumes so haughtily;
We proud, that they are proud of foolerie,
Holding our worthes more compleat for their vaunts.

Enter Monsieur, D' Ambois.

Mont. Come mine owne sweet heart I will enter thee.
Sir, I have brought a Gentleman to court;
And pray, you would vouchsafe to doe him grace.

Henr. D' Ambois, I thinke.

D' Amb. That's still my name, my Lord, though I be some-
thing altered in attire.

Henr. We like your alteration, and must tell you,
We have expected th' offer of your service;
For we (in feare to make mild vertue proud)
Vse not to seeke her out in any man.

D' Amb. Nor doth she use to seeke out any man:
They that will winne, must wooe her.

Mont. I urg'd her modestie in him, my Lord, and gave
her those Rites, that hee sayes thee merits.

Henr. If you have woo'd and won, then Brother weare him.

Mons. Th' art mine, sweet heart, See here's the Guise's Dutches;
The Countesse of Mountsurreane, *Beaupre*; come I'le enchain
thee. Ladies, y'are too many to be in Counsell. I have here a
friend, that I would gladly enter in your Graces.

D' Amb. Save you Ladies.

Duch. If you enter him in our Graces, my Lord, methinks
by his blunt behaviour, he should come out of himselfe.

Tam. Has he never beene Courtier, my Lord?

Mons. Never, my Lady.

Beaup. And why did the Toy take him inth' head now?

D' Amb. Tis leape yeare, Lady, and therefore very good to
enter a Courtier.

Henr. Marke Dutchesse of Guise, there is one is not bashfull.

Duch. No my Lord, he is much guilty of the bold extremity.

Tam. The man's a Courtier at first sight.

D' Amb. I can sing prick-song, Lady, at first sight; and why
not be a Courtier as suddenly?

Beaup. Here's a Courtier rotten before he be ripe.

D' Amb. Thinke me not impudent, Lady, I am yet no
Courtier, I desire to be one, and would gladly take entrance
(Madam) under your Princely Colours.

Enter, Barrister, Li. Anon, Pyrlot.

Duch. Soft sir, you must rise by degrees, first being the servant
of some common Lady or Knights wife, then a little higher to
a Lords wife; next a little higher to a Countesse; yet a little
higher to a Dutchesse, and then turne the ladder.

D' Amb. Doe you allow a man then foure mistresses, when
the greatest Mistress is allowed but three servants?

Duch. Where find you that statute sir?

D' Amb. Why be judged by the Groome-porters.

Duchesse. The Groome-porters?

D' Amb. I Madam, must not they judge of all gamings
i'th' Court?

Duchesse. You talke like a gamester.

Gwi. Sir, know you me?

D' Amb. My Lord?

Gwi. I know not you: Whom doe you serve?

D' Amb. Serve, my Lord?

Gwi. Co

Gni. Go to Companion; Your Courtship's too saucie.

D' Amb. Saucie? Companion? Tis the Guile, but yet those termes might have beene spar'd of the Guile.

Companion? He's jealous by this light: are you blind of that side Duke? Ile to her againe for that. Forth princely Mistressse, for the honour of Courtship. Another Riddle.

Gni. Cease your Courtshippe, or by heaven Ile cut your throat.

D' Amb. Cut my throat? cut a whetstone; young *Accius Nervius*, doe as much with your tongue as he did with a Razor; cut my throat?

Bar. What new-come Gallant have wee heere, that dares mate the Guile thus?

L' An. Sfoot tis *D' Ambois*; The Duke mistakes him (on my life) for some Knight of the new edition.

D' Amb. Cut my throat? I would the King fear'd thy cutting of his throat no more than I feare thy cutting of mine.

Gni. Ile doe't by this hand.

D' Amb. That hand dares not doe't; y'ave cut too many Throat, already Guile, and robbed the Realme of many thousand Soules, more precious than thine owne.

Come Madam, talk on; Sfoot, can you not talk? Talk on I say. Another Riddle.

Py. Here's some strange distemper.

Bar. Here's a sudden transmigration with *D' Ambois*, out of the Knights Ward, into the Duchesse bed.

L' An. See what a Metamorphosis a brave suit can work.

Py. Slight step to the Guile and discover him.

Bar. By no means, let the new suit work, wee'll see the issue.

Gni. Leave your Counting.

D' Amb. I will not. I say Mistressse, and I will stand unto it, that if a woman may have three servants, a man may have three score Mistressse.

Gni. Sirrha, Ile have you whipt out of the Court for this insolence.

D' Amb. Whipt? Such another syllable out a th' presence, if thou dar'st for thy Dukedome.

Gni.

Gni. Remember, Poultron.

Monf. Pray thee forbear.

Buss. Passion of death I Were not the King here, he should
throw the Chamber like a rush.

Monf. But leave Courting his wife then.

Buss. I will not till Court her in despite of him, Not Court
her I Come Madam, talk on; Fears me nothing: Well mai'st
thou drive thy Master from the Court; but never D' Ambois.

Monf. His great heart will not down, tis like the Sea

That partly by his owne internall heat,

Partly the Starr's daily and nightly motion,

Their heat and light, and partly of the place

The divers frames, but chiefly by the Moone,

Brittled with furies, never will be wonne.

(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are burst)

To make retreat into his seled home,

Till he be crown'd with his owne quiet some.

Henr. You have the Matc. Another.

Gni. No more: *Flourish above.*

Exit Guise, after him the King, Monf. whispering.

Bar. Why here's the Lion skar'd with the throat of a dunge-

hill Cock; a fellow that has newly shak'd off his shackles;

Now does he crow for that victory.

L'An. Tis one of the best Jiggs that ever was acted.

Pyr. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be troe?

L'An. Out of doubt, some new denizond Lord; and thinks
that suit newly drawne out a th' Mercers books.

Bar. I have heard of a fellow, that by a fix imagination
looking upon a Bulbaiting, had a visible paire of hornes grew
out of his forehead: and I beleove this Gallant overjoyed with
the conceit of Monsieurs cast suite, imagines himselfe to be the
Monficur.

L'An. And why not? as well as the Ass, stalking in the
Lions case, bare himselfe like a Lion, braying all the huger
beasts out of the Forrest?

Pyr. Peace, he looks this way.

Bar. Marrie let him look fir; what will you say now if the
Guise be gone to fetch a blanquet for him?

L'An.

L' An. Faith I beleave it for his honour sake.

Pyr. Bur, if *D'Ambois* carrie it cleane? *Exeunt Ladies.*

Bar. True, when he curvets in the blanquet.

Pyr. I marrie fir.

L' An. Stoot, see how he stares on's.

Bar. Lord blesse us, let's away.

Buff. Now fir, take your full view: how does the Object please ye?

Bar. If you aske my opinion fir, I think your suit fits as well as if't had beene made for you.

Buff. So fir, and was that the subject of your ridiculous joylity?

L' An. What's that to you fir?

Buff. Sir, I have observ'd all your steerings; and resolve your selves yee shall give a strickt account for't.

Enter Brisac, Melynell.

Bar. O miraculous jealousie! Doe you think your selfe Such a singular subject for laughter, that none can fall into The matter of our merriment but you?

L' An. This jealousie of yours fir, confesses some close defect in your selfe, that wee never dream'd of.

Pyr. Wee held discourse of a perfum'd Ass, that being disguis'd in a Lions case, imagin'd himself a Lion: I hope that toucht not you.

Buff. So fir: Your descants doe marvellous well fit this ground, we shall meet where your Buffonly laughers will cost ye the best blood in your bodies.

Bar. For lifes sake let's be gone; hee'll kill's outright else.

Buff. Goe at your pleasures, Ile be your Ghost to haunt you, and yee sleepe an't, hang me.

L' An. Goe, goe fir, Court your Mistressse.

Pyr. And be advis'd: we shall have odds against you.

Buff. Tush, valour stands not in number: Ile maintaine it, that one man may beat three boyes,

Bris. Nay, you shall have no ods of him in number fir: hee's a Gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and yee shall not wrong him.

Bar. Not fir.

Mely. Not fir: Though he be not so rich, hee's a better man than the best of you; And I will not endure it.

L' An. Not you fir?

Bris. No sir, nor I.

Buss. I should thank you for this kindness, if I thought these perfum'd musk-Cats (being out of this priviledge) durst but once mew at us.

Bar. Does your confident spirit doubt that sir? Follow us and try.

L'An. Come sir, wee'll lead you a dance. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secund. Scena prima.

Henry, Guise, Montsurrey, and Attendants.

Henry. **T**His desperate quarrell sprung out of their envies
To *D'Ambois* sudden bravery, and great spirit.

Gui. Neither is worth their envie.

Henry. Less than either

Will make the Gall of Envie overflow;
She feeds on outcast entrails like a Kite;
In which foule heape, if any ill lies hid,
She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up,
And hurls it all abroad, that all may view it.
Corruption is her Nutriment; but touch her
With any precious ointment, and you kill her:
Where she finds any filth in men, she feasts,
And with her black throat bruises it through the world;
(Being sound and healthfull) But if she but taste
The slenderest pittance of commended vertue,
She surfeits of it, and is like a flie,
That passes all the bodies soundest parts,
And dwells upon the sores; or if her squintie
Have power to find none there, she forges some:
She makes that crooked ever which is strait;
Call's Valour giddiness, Justice Tyrannie:
A wise man may shun her, she not her selfe;
Whither soever she flies from her Harms,
She beares her Foe still clapt in her own Armes:
And therefore cousin Guise let us avoid her.

Enter Nuncius.

Nuncius. What *Atlas* or *Olympus* lifts his head
So farre past Covert, that with aire enough
My words may be inform'd ? And from their height
Imay be seene, and heard through all the world ?
A tale so worthy, and so fraught with wonder,
Sticks in my jawes, and labours with event.

Henr. Com'st thou from *D'Ambois* ?

Nun. From him, and the rest
His friends and enemies ; whose sterne fight I saw,
And heard their words before, and in the fray.

Henr. Relate at large what thou hast seene and heard :

Nun. I saw fierce *D'Ambois*, and his two brave friends
Enter the Field, and at their heeles their foes ;
Which were the famous souldiers ; *Barrisor*,
L'Anou, and *Pyrrhot*, great in deeds of Armes :
All which arriv'd at the evenest peece of earth
The field afford'd ; The three Challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood ranckt :
When face to face the three Defendants met them,
Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike,
Like bonfires of Contributorie wood,
Every mans look shew'd, Fed with eithers spirit,
As one had beene a mirror to another,
Like formes of life and death each took from other ;
And so were life and death mixt at their heights,
That you could see no feare of death for life ;
Nor love of life, for death : But in their browes
Pyrrho's Opinion in great letters shone ;
That life and death in all respects are one.

Henr. Past there no sort of words at their encounter ?

Nun. As *Hector*, twixt the Hosts of Greece and Troy,
(When Paris and the Spartane King should end
The nine years waire) held up his brazen lance
For signall, that both Hosts should cease from Armes,
And heare him speak : So *Barrisor* (advise'd)
Advanc'd his naked Rapier twixt both sides,
Ript up the Quarrell, and compar'd six lives,

Then laid in ballance with fix idle words,
 Offer'd remission and contrition too;
 Or else that he and *D'Ambois* might conclude
 The others dangers. *D'Ambois* lik'd the last;
 But *Barrisors* friends (being equally engag'd
 In the maine Quarrell) never would expose
 His life alone, to that they all deserv'd.
 And (for the other offer of remission)
D'Ambois (that like a Lawrell put in fire,
 Spak'd and spit) did much much more than scorne,
 That his wrong should incense him so like chaffe,
 To goe so soone out; and like-lighted paper,
 Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes:
 So drew they lots, and in them Fates appointed,
 That *Barrisor* should fight with fire *D'Ambois*;
Pyrrhos with *Melnyell*; with *Brisac L'Anou*:
 And then like flame and Powder they commixt,
 So spritely, that I wisht they had beene spirits,
 That the ne're shutting wounds, they needs must open,
 Might as they open'd, shut, and never kill:
 But *D'Ambois* sword (that lightned as it flew)
 Shot like a pointed Comet at the face
 Of manly *Barrisor*; and there it stucke:
 Thrice pluckt he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts,
 From him, that of himselfe was free as fire;
 Who thrust still as he pluckt, yet (past belife!)
 He with his subtil eye, hand, body, escap't;
 At last the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
 On fell his yet undaunted Foe so fiercely,
 That (only made more horrid with his wound)
 Great *D'Ambois* shrunk, and gave a little ground;
 But soone return'd, redoubled in his danger,
 And at the heart of *Barrisor* seal'd his anger:
 Then, as in Arden I have scene an Oke
 Long shooke with tempests, and his loftie toppe
 Bent to his root, which being at length made loose
 (Even groaning with his weight) he gan to Nodde
 This way and that: as loth his curled Browes

(Which he had oft wrapt in the skie with stormes)
Should stoope : and yet, his radicall siners burst,
Storme-like he fell, and had the feare cold Earth.
So fell stout *Barrifer*, that had flood the shocks
Of ten set Battels in your Highnesse warre,
'Gainst the sole souldier of the world, Navarre.

Gwi. O pitious and horrid murder !

Beau. Such a life

Me thinks had mettall in it to survive
An age of men.

Henr. Such, often soonest end.

Thy felt report calls on, we long to know
On what events the other have arriv'd.

Nun. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes,
Met in the upper Region of a Cloud,
At the report made by this Worthies fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose Revenge,
Entring with fresh powers his two noble friends ;
And under that ods fell furcharg'd *Brisac*,
The friend of *D'Ambois*, before fierce *L'Anou* ;
Which *D'Ambois* seeing, as I once did see
In my young travels through Armenia,
Anangric Vnicorne in his full carriere
Charge with too swift a foot a Jeweller,
That watcht him for the Treasure of his brow ;
And ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Naile him with his rich Antler to the Earth :
So *D'Ambois* ranne upon reveng'd *L'Anou*,
Who eying th'eager point borne in his face,
And giving backe, fell back, and in his fall
His foes uncurbed sword stopt in his heart :
By which time all the life strings of th'tw'other
Were cut, and both fell as their spirit flew
Vpwards : and still hunt Honour at the view.
And now (of all the six) sole *D'Ambois* stood
Vntoucht, save only with the others bloud.

Henr. All slaine outright but hee ?

Nun. All slaine outright but he,

Who

Who kneeling in the warme life of his friends,
(All freckled with the bloud his Rapier raind)
He kist their pale lips, and bade both farewell,
And see the bravest man the French earth beares.

Enter Monsieur, D'Ambois.

Buss. Now is the time, yare Princely vow'd my friend,
Performe it Princely, and obtaine my pardon.

Mons. Else Heaven forgive not me: Come on brave friend.
If ever Nature held her selfe her owne,
When the great Triall of a King and subject
Met in one bloud, both from one belly springing:
Now prove her vertue and her greatnesse One,
Or make the t'one the greater with the t'other,
(As true Kings should) and for your brothers love,
(Which is a speciall species of true vertue)
Doe that you could not doe, not being a King.

Henr. Brother I know your suit; these wilfull murderers
Are ever past our pardon.

Mons. Manly slaughter
Should never beare th'account of wilfull murder;
It being a spice of justice, where with life
Offending past law, equall life is laid
In equall ballance, to scourge that offence
By law of reputation, which to men
Exceeds all positive law; and what that leaves
To true mens valours (not prefixing rights
Of satisfaction, suited to their wrongs)
A free mans eminence may supply and take.

Henr. This would make every man that thinks him wrong'd,
Or is offended, or in wrong or right,
Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themselves,
Law-menders and suppliers though meere Butchers;
Should this fact (though of justice) be forgiven?

Mons. O no, my Lord; it would make Cowards feare:
To touch the reputations of true men,
When only they are left to impe the law,
Justice will soone distinguish murderious minds
From just revengers: Had my friend beene slaine,

(His enemy surviving) he should die,
 Since he had added to a murder'd fame
 (Which was in his intent) a murdered man;
 And this had worthily beene wilfull murder:
 But my friend only sav'd his fames deare life,
 Which is above life, taking th'under value;
 Which in the wrong it did was forfeit to him;
 And in this fact only preserves a man
 In his uprightnesse; worthy to survive
 Millions of such as murder men alive.

Henr. Well brother, rise, and raise your friend withall
 From death to life: and *D'Ambois*, let your life
 (Resist'd by passing through this merited death)
 Be purg'd from more such foule pollution;
 Nor on your scape, nor valour more presuming,
 To be againe so daring.

Buff. My Lord,
 I lothe as much a deed of unjust death,
 As law it selfe doth; and to Tyrannise,
 Because I have a little spirit to dare.
 And power to doe, as to be Tyranniz'd;
 This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled)
 I crave to double this my short lifes gitt,
 And shall your royall bountie Centuple,
 That I may so make good what law and nature
 Have given me for my good: since I am free,
 (Offending no Just law) let no law make
 By any wrong it does, my life her slave:
 When I am wrong'd and that law failes to right me,
 Let me be King my selfe (as man was made)
 And doe a justice that exceeds the law:
 If my wrong passe the power of single valour
 To right and expiate; then be you my King,
 And doe a Right, exceeding Law and Nature:
 Who to himselfe is law, no law doth need,
 Offends no Law, and is a King indeed.

Henr. Enjoy what thou intreat'st, we give but ours. *Exit Rex*

Buff. What you have given, my Lord, is ever yours. *Exit Beau.*
Gui. Who

Gni. Who would have pardon'd such a murder? *Exit.*

Monf. Now vanish horrors into Court attractions,
For which let this balme make thee fresh and faire,
And now forth with thy service to the Duchesse,
As my long love will to Montsurries Court sic. *Exit.*

D'Amb. To whom my love hath long been vow'd in heart,
Although in hand for shew I held the Duchesse.
And now through bloud and vengeance, deeds of height,
And hard to be atchiev'd, tis fit I make
Attempt of her perfection, I need feare
No check in his Rivality, since her vertues
Are so renown'd, and hee of all Dames shated. *Exit.*

Enter Monsieur, Tamyra, and Pero with a Booke.

Monf. Pray thee regard thine owne good, if not mine,
And cheere my Love for that; you doe not know
What you may be by me, nor what without me;
I may have power t'advance and pull downe any.

Tamy. That's not my study. One way I am sure
You shall not pull downe me; my husbands height
Is crown'd to all my hopes, and his retiring
To any meane state, shall be my aspiring:
Mine honour's in mine owne hands, spite of kings.

Monf. Honour, what's that? your second maydenhead:
And what is that? a word; the word is gone,
The thing remains; the Rose is pluckt, the stalk
Abides: an easie losse where no lack's found.
Beleeve it, there's as small lack in the losse,
As there is paine ith' losing: Archers ever
Have two strings to a bow, and shall great *Cupid*
(Archer of Archers both in men and women)
Be worse provided than a common Archer?
A Husband and a Friend all wise Wives have.

Tamy. Wife wives they are that on such strings depend,
With a firme husband joyning a losse friend.

Monf. Still you stand on your husband, so doe all.
The common sex of you, when y'are encounter'd
With one ye cannot fancie: all men know
You live in Court here by your owne election,

Frequent-

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Frequenting all our common sports and triumphs;
All the most youthfull company of men:
And wherefore doe you this? To please your husband?
Tis grosse and fulsome: if your husbands pleasure
Be all your Object, and you ayme at Honour,
In living close to him, Get you from Court,
You may have him at home; these common Pur-ose
For common women serve: my honour? husband?
Dames maritorious, ne're were meritorious:
Speak plaine, and say I doe not like you Sir,
Y'are an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye
And I am answer'd.

Tamy. Then I pray be answer'd:
For in good faith my Lord I doe not like you
In that sort you like.

Mons. Then have at you here:
Take (with a politique hand) this rope of Pearle;
And though you be not amorous, yet be wise:
Take me for wisdom; he that you can love
Is nere the further from you.

Tamy. Now it comes
So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poyson
Under a medicine as good cheap as it:
I will not have it were it werth the world.

Mons. Horror of death: could I but please your eye,
You would give me the like, ere you would loose me:
Honor and husband?

Tamy. By this light my Lord
Y'are a vile fellow: and Ile tell the King
Your occupation of dishonouring Ladies
And of his Court: a Lady cannot live
As she was borne, and with that sort of pleasure
That fits her state, but she must be defam'd
With an infamous Lords detraction:
Who would endure the Court if these attempts,
Of open and profest lust must be borne?
Whose there? come on Dame, you are at your book
When men are at your Mistresse; have I taught you

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Any such waiting womans quality?

Mont. Farewell good husband. *Exit Mont.*

Tamir's. Farewell wicked Lord.

Enter Mont.

Mont. Was not the Monsieur here?

Tam. Yes, to good purpose.

And your cause is as good to seek him too,

And haunt his company.

Mont. Why, what's the matter?

Tam. Matter of death, were I some husbands wife:

I cannot live at quiet in my chamber

For opportunities almost to rapes

Offerd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee beare with him:

Thou know'st he is a Bachelor, and a Courtier,

I, and a Prince: and their prerogatives

Are, to their lawes, as to their pardons are

Their reservations, after Parliaments,

One quits another: forme gives all their essence:

That Prince doth high in vertues reckoning stand

That will entreat a vice, and not command:

So farre beare with him: should another man

Trust to his priviledge, he should trust to death:

Take comfort then (my comfort) say triumph,

And crown thy selfe, thou part'st it with victory:

My presence is so onely deare to thee,

That other mens appeare worse than they be.

For this night yet, beare with my forced absence:

Thou know'st my businesse; and with how much weight,

My vow hath charged it.

Tam. True my Lord, and never

My fruitlesse love shall les your serious honour,

Yet, sweet Lord, do no stay, you know my soule

Is so long time without me, and I dead -

As you are absent.

Mont. By this kisse, receive

My soule for hostage, till I see my love.

Tam. The morne shall let me see you.

Mont.

Mont. With the sunne
Ile visit thy more comfortable beauties.

Tam. This is my comfort, that the sunne hath left
The whole worlds beauty ere my sunne leaves me.

Mont. Tis late night now indeed : farewell my light. *Exit.*

Tam. Farewell my light and life : But not in him,
In mine owne dark love and light bent to another.
Alas, that in the wave of our affections
We should supply it with a full dissembling,
In which each youngest Maid is grown a Mother,
Frailty is fruitfull, one sinne gets another :
Our loves like sparkles are that brightest shine,
When they goe out ; most vice shewes most divine :
Goe Maid, to bed, lend me your book I pray :
Not like your selfe, for forme, Ile this night trouble
None of your services : Make sure the dores,
And call your other fellows to their rest.

Per. I will, yet I will watch to know why you watch. *Exit.*

Tam. Now all yee peacefull regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing winde, and murmuring falls of waters,
Sadnesse of heart, and ominous securenesse,
Enchantments, dead sleepe, all the friends of rest,
That ever wrought upon the life of man ;
Extend your utmost strengths ; and this charm'd houre
Fix like the Center : make the violent wheelles
Of Time and Fortune stand ; and Great Existens
(The Makers treasure) now not seeme to be,
To all but my approaching friends and me :
They come, alas they come, feare, feare and hope
Of one thing, at one instant fight in me :
I love what most I loath, and cannot live
Unless I compasse that which holds my death :
For lifes mere death loving one that loathes me,
And he I love, will loath me, when he sees *The Vault opens.*
I flie my sex, my vertue, my Renowne,
To runne so madly on a man unknowne.
See, see a Vault is opening that was never

Knowne to my Lord and husband, nor to any
 But him that brings the man I love, and me;
 How shall I looke on him? how shall I live
 And not consume in blushes, I will in;
 And cast my selfe off, as I ne're had beane.

*Exit.**Ascendit Frier and D'Ambois.*

Frier. Come worthiest sonne, I am past measure glad
 That you (whose worth I have approv'd so long)
 Should be the Object of her fearefull love;
 Since both your wit and spirit can adapt
 Their full force to supply her utmost weaknesse:
 You know her worths and vertues, for Report
 Of all that know, is to a man a knowledge:
 You know besides, that our affections storme,
 Rais'd in our blood, no Reason can reforme.
 Though shee seeke then their satisfaction,
 (Which shee must needs, or rest unsatisfi:d)
 Your judgement will esteeme her peace thus wrought,
 Nothing lesse deare, than if your selfe had fought:
 And (with another colour, which my Art
 Shall teach you to lay on) your selfe must seeme
 The onely agent, and the first Orbe Move,
 In this our set, and cunning world of Love.

Buff. Give me the colour (my most honour'd Father)
 And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

Frier. Tis this, good sonne; Lord *Barrisor* (whom you slew)
 Did love her dearly, and with all fit meanes
 Hath urg'd his acceptance, of all which
 Shee keeps one letter written in his blood:
 You must say thus then, That you heard from mee
 How much her selfe was toucht in conscience
 With a Report (which is in truth disperst)
 That your maine quarrell grew about her love,
 Lord *Barrisor* imagining your Courtship
 Of the great Guises Duchesse in the Presence,
 Was by you made to his elected Mistress;
 And so made me your meane now to resolve her,
 Chosing (by my direction) this nights depth,

For the more cleare avoiding of all note
Of your presumed presence, and with this
(To cleare her hands of such a Lovers blood)
She will so kindly thank and entertaine you,
(Me thinks I see how) I, and ten to one,
Shew you the confirmation in his blood,
Lest you should think report, and she did faine,
That you shall so have circumstantiall means,
To come to the direct, which must be used:
For the direct is crooked; Love comes flying;
The height of love is still wonne with denying.

D'Amb. Thanks honoured Father.

Frier. Shee must never know
That you know any thing of any love
Sustain'd on her part: For learne this of me;
In any thing a woman does alone,
If she dissemble, she thinks tis not done;
If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
Give her her wish, she is not satisfi'd;
To have a man think that she never seekes,
Does her more good than to have all she likes:
This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex;
Which to reforme, reason is too perplex:
Urge reason to them, it will doe no good;
Humour (that is the charriot of our food
In every body) must in them be fed,
To carrie their affections by it bred.
Stand close.

Enter Tamyra with a Book.

Tam. Alas, I feare my strangeness will retire him:
If he goe back, I die, I must prevent it,
And cheare his onset with my sight at least,
And that's the most; though every step he takes
Goes to my heart, Ile rather die than seeme
Not to be strange to that I most esteeme.

Frier. Madam.

Tamy. Ah I

Frier. You will pardon me, I hope,

That

That, so beyond your expectation,
 (And at a time for visitants so unfit)
 I (with my noble friend here) visit you :
 You know that my access at any time
 Hath ever beene admitted ; and that friend
 That my care will presume to bring with me,
 Shall have all circumstance of worth in him,
 To merit as free welcome as my selfe.

Tamy. O Father, but at this suspicious houre
 You know how apt best men are to suspect us,
 In any cause, that makes suspicious shadow
 No greater than the shadow of a haire :
 And y^e are to blame : what though my Lord and husband
 Lie forth to night ? and since I cannot sleepe
 When he is absent, I sit up to night,
 Though all the dores are sure, and all our servants
 As sure bound with their sleepes ; yet there is one
 That wakes above, whose eye no sleepe can binde :
 He sees through dores, and darknesse, and our thoughts ;
 And therefore as we should avoid with feare,
 To think amisse our selves before his search ;
 So should we be as curious to shunne
 All cause that other think not ill of us.

D' Amb. Madam, 'tis farre from that : I only heard
 By this my honour'd Father, that your conscience
 Made some deepe scruple with a false report ;
 That *Barrifors* blood should something touch your honour,
 Since he imagin'd I was courting you,
 When I was bold to change words with the Duchesse,
 And therefore made his quarrell, his long love
 And service, as I heare, being deeply vowed
 To your perfections, which my ready presence
 Presum'd on with my Father at this season,
 For the more care of your so curious honour,
 Can well resolve your Conscience, is most false.

Tam. And is it therefore that you come good fir ?
 Then crave I now your pardon and my Fathers,
 And sweare your presence does me so much good,

That all I have it bindes to your requitall:
 Indeed sir, 'tis most true that a report
 Is spread, alledging that his love to me
 Was reason of your quarrell, and because
 You shall not think I faine it for my glory,
 That he importun'd me for his Court service,
 I'll shew you his own hand, set down in blood
 To that vaine purpose: Good Sir, then come in. *Exit Tamira*
 Father I thank you now a thousand fold. *and D' Amb.*

Fryar. May it be worth it to you honour'd daughter.

Descendit Fryar.

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus Tertij Scena Prima.

Enter D' Ambois, Tamira, with a Chaine of Pearle.

D' Amb. Sweet Mistress cease, your conscience is too nice,
 And bites too hotly of the Poppeanes spice.

Tam. O my deare servant, in thy close embraces,
 I have set open all the dores of danger
 To my encompass't honour, and my life:
 Before I was secure against death and hell,
 But now am subject to the heartlesse feare,
 Of every shadow, and of every breath,
 And would change firmnesse with an aspen leafe:
 So confident a spotlesse conscience is;
 So weake a guilty: O the dangerous siege
 Sinne layes about us? and the tyrannie
 He exercises when he hath expugn'd:
 Like to the horror of a Winters thunder,
 Mixt with a gushing storme, that suffer nothing
 To stirre abroad on earth, but their own rages,
 Is sinne, when it hath gathered head above us,
 No roose, no shelter can secure us so,
 But he will drowne our cheeks in feare or woe.

D' Ambois. Sin is a coward Madam, and insults
 But on our weaknesse, in his truest valour:
 And so our ignorance tames us, that we let

His

His shadowes fright us : and like empty clouds
 In which our faulty apprehensions forge
 The formes of Dragons, Lions, Elephants,
 When they hold no proportion : the sic charmes
 Of the witch policy makes him, like a Monster
 Kept onely to shew men for Servile money :
 That false hagge often paints him in her cloth
 Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth :
 In three of us, the secret of our meeting,
 Is onely guarded, and three friends as one
 Have ever bene esteem'd : as our three powers
 That in one soule, are, as one united :
 Why should we feare then ? for my selfe I sweare
 Sooner shall torture be the Sire to pleasure,
 And health be grievous to one long time sick,
 Than the deare jewell of your fame in me,
 Be made an out-cast to your infamy ;
 Nor shall my value (sacred to your vertues)
 Onely give free course to it, from my selfe :
 But make it sic out of the mouths of Kings
 In golden vapours, and with awfull wings.

Tam. It rests as all Kings scales were set in thee.
 Now let us call my Father, whom I sweare
 I could extreemly chide, but that I feare
 To make him so suspicious of my love
 Of which (sweet servant) doe not let him know
 For all the world.

D' Amb. Alas ! he will not think it ?

Tam. Come then — ho ! Father, ope, and take your friend.

Ascendit Frier.

Frier. Now honour'd daughter, is your doubt resolv'd.

Tam. I Father, but you went away too soone.

Frier. Too soone ?

Tam. Indeed you did, you should have stayed ;
 Had not your worthy friend bene of your bringing,
 And that contains all lawes to temper me,
 Nor all the fearefull danger that besieged us,
 Had aw'd my throat from exclamation.

Frier.

Fryer. I know your serious disposition well.
Come sonne the morne comes on.

D' Amb. Now honour'd Mistresse
Till farther service call, all blisse supply you.

Tamy. And you this chaine of pearle, and my love onely.
It is not I, but urgent destiny, *Descendis Fryer and D' Amb.*

That (as great States-men for their generall end
In politique justice, make poore men offend)
Enforceth my offence to make it just :
What shall weak Dames doe, when th' whole work of Nature
Hath a strong finger in each one of us ?

Needs must that sweep a way the silly cobweb
Of our still-undone labours ; that layes still
Our powers to it : as to the line, the stone,
Not to the stone, the line should be oppos'd.
We cannot keepe our constant course in vertue :

What is alike at all parts ? every day
Differs from other : every houre and minute :
I, every thought in our false clock of life,

Of times inverts the whole circumference :
We must be sometimes one, sometimes another :

Our bodies are but thick clouds to our soules ;
Through which they cannot shine when they desire :

When all the starres, and even the sunne himselfe,
Must stay the vapours times that he exhales

Before he can make good his beames to us :
O how can we, that are but moles to him,

Wandering at randon in his ordered rayes,

Disperse our passions fumes, with our weak labours,
That are more thick and black than all earths vapours ?

Enter Mont.

Mon. Good day, my love : what up and ready too !

Tam. Both, (my deare Lord) nor all this night made I
My selfe unready, or could sleep a wink.

Mon. Alas, what troubled my true Love ? my peace,
From being at peace within her better selfe ?

Or how could sleepe forbear to seize thine eyes
When he might challenge them as his just prize ?

Tam. I am in no powre earthly, but in yours;
To what end should I goe to bed my Lord,
That wholly mist the comfort of my bed?
Or how should sleepe possess my faculties,
Wanting the proper closer of mine eyes?

Mont. Then will I never more sleepe night from thee:
All mine owne Businesse, all the Kings affaires,
Shall take the day to serve them: Every night
He ever dedicate to thy delight.

Tam. Nay, good my Lord esteeme not my desires:
Such doters on their humours, that my judgement
Cannot subdue them to your worthier pleasure:
A wifes pleas'd husband must her object be
In all her acts, not her sooth'd fantasie.

Mont. Then come my Love, Now pay those Rites to sleepe
Thy faire eyes owe him: shall we now to bed?

Tam. O no my Lord, your holy Frier sayes,
All couplings in the day that touch the bed,
Adulterous are, even in the married;
Whose grave and worthy doctrine, well I know,
Your faith in him will liberally allow.

Mont. Hee's a most learned and Religious man:
Come to the Ptesence then, and see great D'Ambois
(Fortunes proud mushrome shot up in a night)
Stand like an Atlas under our Kings arme;
Which greatnesse with him Monsieur now envies
As bitterly and deadly as the Guise.

Tam. What, he that was but yesterday his maker?
His raiser and preserver?

Mont. Even the same.
Each naturall agent works but to this end,
To render that it works on, like it selfe;
Which since the Monsieur in his act on D'Ambois,
Cannot to his ambitious end effect,
But that (quite opposite) the King hath power
(In his love borne to D'Ambois) to convert
The point of Monsieurs aime on his owne breast,
He turnes his outward love to inward hate:

A Prince

A Princes love is like the lightnings flame,
Which no man can embrace, but must consume. *Exeunt.*

*Henry, D'Ambois, Monsieur, Guise, Dukes
Annabell, Charlot, Attendanis.*

Henr. Speak home *Bussy*, thy impartiall words
Are like brave Faulcons that dare trusse a Fowle
Much greater than themselves; Flatterers are Kites
That check at Sparrowes; thou shalt be my Eagle,
And beare my thunder underneath thy wings:
Truths words like jewels hang in th'cares of Kings.

Buss. Would I might live to see no Jewes hang there
In steed of jewels; sycophants I meane,
Who use truth like the Devill, his true Foe,
Cast by the Angell to the pit of feares,
And bound in chaines; truth seldome decks Kings cares:
Slave flattery (like a Rippiers legs row'd up
In boots of hay-ropes) with Kings soothed guts
Swad'ed and strapp'd, now lives onely free.
O tis a subtle knave; how like the plague
Unfelt, he strikes into the braine of man,
And rageth in his entrailes when he can,
Worse than the poison of a red hair'd man?

Henr. Fly at him and his brood, I cast thee off,
And once more give thee surname of mine Eagle.

Buss. Ile make you sport enough then, let me have
My luccrns too, (or dogs inur'd to hunt
Beasts of most rapine) but to put them up,
And if I trusse not, let me not be trusted:
Shew me a great man (by the peoples voice,
Which is the voice of God) that by his greatnesse
Bumbafts his private rooves, with publique riches;
That affects royaltie, rising from a clappish;
That rules so much more by his suffering King,
That he makes Kings of his subordinate slaves:
Himselfe and them graduate like woodmongers
(Piling a stack of billets) from the earth,
Raising each other into steeples heights;
Let him convey this on the turning props

Of Protean Law, and (his owne counsell keeping)
 Keepe all upright; let me but hawlk at him,
 Ile play the Vulture, and so thump his liver,
 That (like a huge unlading Argosca)
 He shall confesse all, and you then may hang him.
 Shew me a Clergie man, that is in voics
 A Lark of Heaven, in heart a Mowle of earth;
 That hath good living, and a wicked life;
 A temperate look, and a luxurious gut;
 Turning the rents of his superfluous Cures
 Into your Pheasants and your Partriches;
 Venting their Quintessence as men read Hebrew:
 Let me but hawlk at him, and, like the other,
 He shall confesse all, and you then may hang him.
 Shew me a Lawyer that turnes sacred law
 (The equall render of each man his owne,
 The scourge of Rapine and Extortion,
 The Sanctuary and impregnable defence
 Of retir'd learning, and besieged vertue)
 Into a Harpy, that eates all but's owne,
 Into the damned sinnes it punisheth;
 Into the Synagogue of theeves and Atheists;
 Blood into gold, and iustice into lust:
 Let me but hawlk at him, as at the rest,
 He shall confesse all, and you then may hang him.

Enter Mont-Surrey, Tamira, and Pero.

Gus. Where will you find such game as you would hawlk at?

Buff. Ile hawlk about your house for one of them.

Gus. Come, y^e are a glorious Ruffin, and runne proud
 Of the Kings headlong graces; hold your breath,
 Or by that poyson'd vapour not the King
 Shall back your murderious valour against me.

Buff. I would the King would make his presence free
 But for one bout betwixt us: By the reverence
 Due to the sacred space twixt kings and subjects,
 Here would I make thee cast that popular purple,
 In which thy proud soule sits and braves thy soveraigne.

Mont. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Buff.

Buss. Let him peace first that made the first wage.

Monf. He's the better man.

Buss. And therefore may doe worst?

Monf. He has more titles.

Buss. So *Hydra* had more heads.

Monf. He's greater knowne.

Buss. His greatnesse is the peoples, mine's mine owne.

Monf. He's nobly borne.

Buss. He is not, I am noble.

And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,

But in his merit,

Gui. Th'art not nobly borne,

But bastard to the Cardinall of *Ambair.*

Buss. Thon liest proud *Guise*; let me sic (my Lord.)

Henr. Not in my face; (my Eagle) violence flies

The Sanctuaries of a Princes eyes.

Buss. Still shall we chide? and some upon this bit?

Is the *Guise* onely great in faction?

Stands he not by himselfe? Proves he th' Opinion

That mens soules are without them? Be a Duke,

And lead me to the field.

Guise. Come, follow me.

Henr. Stay them, stay *D'Ambois*; Cosen *Guise*, I wonder

Your honour'd disposition brooks so ill

A man so good, that only would uphold

Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall

All our dissensions rise; that in himselfe

(Without the outward patches of our frailty,

Riches and honour) knowes he comprehends

Worth with the greatest: Kings had never borne

Such boundlesse Empire over other men,

Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of *D'Ambois*;

Nor had the full impartiall hand of nature

That all things gave in her originall,

Without these definite terms of Mine and Thine,

Beene turn'd unjustly to the hand of Fortune,

Had all preserv'd her in her prime, like *D'Ambois*;

No envie, no disfunction had dissolv'd,

Or pluck'd one stick out of the golden faggot,
In which the world of *Saturne* bound our lives,
Had all beene held together with the nerves,
The genius and th'ingenious soule of *D'Ambois*.
Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rod
To part and reconcile, and so conserue you,
As my combin'd embracers and supporters.

Buff. Tis our Kings motion, and we shall not seeme
(To worst eies) womanish, though we change thus soone.
Never so great grudge for his greater pleasure.

Gwi. I scale to that, and so the manly freedome
That you so much professe, hereafter prove not
A bold and glorious licence to deprave,
To me his hand shall hold the Hermean vertue
His grace affects, in which submissive signe
On this his sacred right hand, I lay mine.

Buff. Tis well my Lord, and so your worthy greatnesse
Decline not to the greater insolence,
Nor make you think it a Pretogative,
To rack mens freedoms with the ruder wrongs;
My hand (stuck full of lawrell, in true signe
Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace)
In all submission kisseth th'other side.

Hen. Thanks to ye both: and kindly I invite ye
Both to a banquet where wee'll sacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of your loves;
At which (faire Ladies) I entreat your presence.
And hope you Madam will take one carowse
For reconciliation of your Lord and servant.

Dukes. If I should faile my Lord, some other Lady
Would be found there to doe that for my servant.

Monf. Any of these here?

Dukes. Nay, I know not that.

(Lady)

D'Ambois. Think your thoughts, like my Mistress, like my Mistress, honour'd

Tamy. I think not on you Sir, y'are one I know not.

D'Ambois. Cry you mercy Madam.

Exeunt Henry,

Monf. Oh Sir, has she met you?

D'Ambois, Ladies

Monf. What had my bounty drunk when it rais'd him?

Gwi.

Gai. Y'ave stuck us up a very worthy flag,
That takes more winde than we with all our sails.

Mons. O so he spreads and flourishes.

Gai. He must downe,

Upstarts should never perch too neere a crowne.

Mons. Tis true my Lord; and as this doting hand,
Even out of earth, (like *Juno*) struck this Giant,
So *Joves* great ordnance shall be here implide
To strike him under th' *Etna* of his pride:
To which work lend your hands and let us cast
Where wemay set snares for his ranging greatnes:
I think it best; amongst our greatest women:
For there is no such trap to catch an upstart
As a loose downfall: for you know their falls
Are th' ends of all mens rising: if great men
And wise make scapes to please advantage,
Tis with a woman: women that worst may
Still hold mens candels: they direct and know
All things amisse in all men; and their women
All things amisse in them: through whose charm'd mouthes
We may see all the close scapes of the Court:
When the most royall beast of chase, the Hart
(Being old; and cunning in his layres and haunts)
Can never be discovered to the bow
The peece or hound: yet where (behind some Queich)
He breaks his gall, and rutteeth with his hinde,
The place is maskt, and by his Venerie
He still is taken. Shall we then attempt
The chiefest meane to that discovery here,
And court our greatest Ladies chiefest women;
With shewes of love, and liberall promises?
Tis but our breath. If something given in hand,
Sharpen their hopes of more, 'twill be well ventur'd.

Gai. No doubt of that: and 'tis the cunningst point
Of our devis'd investigation.

Mons. I have broken

The yec to it already with the woman
Of your chaste Lady, and conceive good hope,

I shall

I shall wade thorow to some wished shore
At our next meeting.

Montf. Nay, there's small hope there.

Guise. Take say of her my Lord, she comes most fely.

Montf. Starting back?

Enter Charlot, Anable, Pero.

Gni. Y are ingag'd indeed.

Char. Nay, pray my Lord forbear.

Montf. What skittish, servant?

An. No my Lord, I am not so fit for your service.

Char. Pray pardon me now my Lord? my Lady expects me.

Gui. He satisfie her expectation, as far as an Vnkle may.

Montf. Well said: a spirit of Courtship of all hands:

Now mine owne *Pero*: hast thou remembered me

For the discovery I entreated thee to make of thy Mistresse?
speak boldly, and be sure; of all things I have sworne to thee.

Pero. Building on that assurance, (my Lord) I may speak; and
much the rather, because my Lady hath not trusted me with that
I cantell you; for now I cannot be said to betray her.

Montf. That's all one, so we reach our objects: for I be-
seech thee.

Per. To tell you truth, my Lord, I have made a strange dis-
covery.

Montf. Excellent! *Pero* thou reviv'st me: may I sink quick to
perdition, if my tongue discover it.

Per. Tis thus then: This last night my Lord lay forth: and I
watching my Ladies sitting up, stole up at midnight from my
pallat, and (having before made a hole both through the wall
and arras to her inmost chamber) I saw *D'Ambois* and her selfe
reading a letter.

Montf. *D'Ambois*?

Per. Even he my Lord.

Montf. Do'st thou not dreame wench?

Per. I sweare, he is the man.

Montf. The devill he is, and thy Lady his dam: Why this
was the happiest shot? that ever slewe the just plague of hypo-
cricie level'd it, Oh the infinite regions betwixt a womans
tongue and her heart: is this our Goddesse of chastity? I thought
could

I could not be so slighted, if she had not her fraught besides : and therefore plotted this with her woman : never dreaming of D'Ambois. Deare *Pero* I will advance thee for ever : but tell me now : Gods pretious it transformes mee with admiration : sweet *Pero*, whom should she trust with this conveyance ? Or, all the dores being made sure, how should his conveyance be made ?

Per. Nay my Lord, that amazes me : I cannot by any study so much as guesse at it.

Mont. Well, let's favour our apprehensions with forbearing that a little : for if my heart were not hoopt with adamant, the conceipt of this would have burst it : but heark thee. *Whispers.*

Mont. I pray thee resolve mee : the Duke will never imagine that I am busie about's wife : hath D'Ambois any privy access to her ?

An. No my Lord, D'Ambois neglects her (as shee takes it) and is therefore suspicious that either your Lady, or the Lady *Beaupre* hath closely entertain'd him.

Mont. Her lady a likely suspicion, and very neere the life ; especially of my wife.

Mont. Come, we'l disguise all, with seeming onely to have courted ; away dry palm : sh's as a livor as dry as a bisket : a man may goe a whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempests from her windpipe.

Qui. Here's one, (I think) has swallowed a Porcupine, shee casts pricks from her tongue fo.

Mont. And here's a Peacock seemes to have devour'd one of the Alpes, she has so swelling a spirit, & is so cold of her kindness.

Char. We are no windfalls my Lord ; ye must gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or we'l hang till we be rotten.

Mont. Indeed that's the way to make ye right openarifes. But alas ye have no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you.

Per. Portions my Lord, yes and such portions as your principality cannot purchase.

Mont. What woman ? what are those portions ?

Per. Riddle my riddle my Lord.

Mont. I marry wench, I think thy portion is a right riddle, a man shall never finde it out : but let's heare it.

Per. You shall my Lord.

What's that, that being most rare's most cheap?

That when you sow, you never reap?

That when it growes most, most you in it?

And still you lose it when you win it?

That when tis commonest, tis dearest,

And when tis farthest off, tis neerest?

Monf. Is this your great portion?

Per. Even this my Lord.

Monf. Belceve me I cannot riddle it.

Per. No my Lord, tis my chastity, which you shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Monf. Your chastity? let me begin with the end of it; how is a womans chastity neerest a man, when tis furthest off?

Per. Why my Lord, when you cannot get it, it goes to th' heart on you; and that I think comes most neere you; and I am sure it shall be farre enough off; and so wee leave you to our mercies.

Exeunt women.

Monf. Farewell riddle.

Gai. Farewell Medlar.

Monf. Farewell winter plum.

Monf. Now my Lords, what fruit of our inquisition? feels you nothing budding yet? Speak good my Lord *Mounsferry.*

Monf. Nothing but this: *D'Ambois* is thought negligent in observing the Duchesse, and therefore she is suspicious that your Neece or my wife closely entertaines him.

Monf. Your wife, my Lord? Think you that possible?

Monf. Alas, I know she flies high like her last houre.

Monf. Her last houre? why that comes upon her the more she flies it: Does *D'Ambois* so think you?

Monf. That's not worth the answering; 'Tis miraculous to think with what monsters womens imaginations engrosse them when they are once enamour'd, and what wonders they will work for their satisfaction. They will make a sheepe valiant, a Lion fearefull.

Monf. And an Assie confident, well my Lord, more will come forth shortly, get you to the banquet.

Guisse. Come my Lord, I have the blind file of one of them.

Exit

Exit Guise cum Mont.

Montf. O the unfounded Sea of womens bloods,
That when tis calmest, is most dangerous;
Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces,
When in their hearts are *Scylla* and *Caribdis*,
Which still are hid in dark and standing foggs,
Where never day shines, nothing ever growes,
But weeds and poysons, that no States-man knowes;
Not *Cerberus* ever saw the damned nookes
Hid with the veiles of womens vertuous lookes.
But what a cloud of sulphur have I drawne
Up to my bosome in this dangerous secret?
Which if my haist (with any spark) should light
Ere D'Ambois were engag'd in some sure plot
I were blowne up; He would be sure, my death
Would I had never knowne it, for before
I shall perswade th'importance to *Montsurry*,
And make him with some studied stratagem,
Train D'Ambois to his wreck, his maid may tell it,
Or I (out of my fiery thirst to play
With the fell Tyger, up in darknesse tyed,
And give it some light) make it quite break loose.
I feare it asore heaven, and will not see
D'Ambois againe, till I have told *Montsurry*,
And set a snare with him to free my feares: whose there?

Enter Maffe.

Maffe. My Lord?

Montf. Goe call the Count *Montsurry*,
And make the doxes fast, I will speak with none
Till he come to me.

Maffe. Well my Lord: *Exiturus.*

Montf. Or else

Send you some other, and see all the doxes
Made safe your selfe I pray, haist, flie about it.

Maffe. You'l speak with none but with the Count *Montsurry*.

Montf. With none but hee except it be the Guise.

Maffe. See even by this, there's one exception more,
Your Grace must be more firme in the command,

Or else shall I as weakly execute.

The Guise shall speak with you?

Mons. He shall I say.

Masse. And Count *Montsury*?

Mons. I, and Count *Montsury*.

Masse. Your Grace must pardon me, that I am bold

To urge the cleare and full sence of your pleasure;

Which when so ever I have knowne, I hope

Your Grace will say, I hit it to a haire.

Mons. You have.

Masse. I hope so, or I would be glad.—

Mons. I pray thee get thee gone, thou art so tedious

In the strickt forme of all thy services.

That I had better have one negligent.

You hit my pleasure well, when *D' Ambois* hit you,

Did you not, think you?

Masse. *D' Ambois*? why my Lord?

Mons. I pray thee talk no more, but shut the dores.

Doc what I charge thee.

Masse. I will my Lord, and yet

I would be glad the wrong I had of *D' Ambois*—

Mons. Precious! when it is a Fate that plagues me:

In this mans foolery, I may be murdered

While he stands on protection of his folly.

Avant about thy charge.

Masse. I goe my Lord.

I had my head broke in his faithfull service,

I had no suit the more, nor any thanks,

And yet my teeth must still be hit with *D' Ambois*.

D' Ambois my Lord shall know.—

Mons. The devill and *D' Ambois*. *Exit Masse.*

How am I tortur'd with this trusty foole?

Never was any curious in his place

To doe things justly, but he was an Ass:

We cannot finde one trusty that is witty,

And therefore beare their disproportion.

Grant thou great starre, and angell of my life;

A sure lease of it but for some few dayes,

That I may cleare my bosome of the Snake
I cherisht there, and I will then desie
All check to it but Natures, and her Altars
Shall ciack with vessels crown'd with ev'ry liquor
Drawn from her highest, and most bloudy humors,
I feare him strangely, his advanced valour
Is like a spirit rais'd without a circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter Maffe hastily.

Maffe. I cannot help it, what should I do more?
As I was gathering a fit Guard to make
My passage to the dores, and the dores sure,
The man of bloud is enter'd.

Mons. Rage of death.
If I had told the secret, and he knew it,
Thus had I bin endanger'd: — My sweet heart!
How now? what leap'st thou at?

Enter D' Ambois.

D' Amb. O royall object.

Mons. Thou dream'st awake: Object in th' empty aire?

D' Amb. Worthy the browes of *Tiran*, worth his chaire.

Mons. Pray thee what mean'st thou?

D' Amb. See you not a Crowne
Empale the forehead of the great King Monsieur?

Mons. Ofie upon thee.

D' Amb. Prince, that is the Subject
Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.

Mons. Wilt thou not leave that wrongfull supposition?

D' Amb. Why wrongfull? to suppose the doubtlesse right
To the succession worth the thinking on.

Mons. Well, leave these jests, how I am over-joyed
With thy wish'd presenee, and how fit thou com'st,
For of mine honour I was sending for thee.

D' Amb. To what end?

Mons. Oncly for thy company,
Which I have still in thought, but that's no payment
On thy part made with personall appearance.

Thy absence so long suffered oftentimes
Put me in some little doubt thou dost not love me.
Wilt thou doe one thing therefore now sincerely?

D' Amb. I, any thing, but killing of the King.

Mons. Seill in that answord, and ill taken note?
How most unseasonable thou playest the Cuckoo,
In this thy fall of friendship?

D' Amb. Then doe not doubt,
That there is any act within my nerves,
But killing of the King that is not yours.

Mons. I will not then; to prove which by my love
Shewne to thy vertues, and by all fruits else
Already sprung from that still flourishing tree,
With whatsoever may hereafter spring,
I charge thee utter (even with all the freedome
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship)
The full and plaine state of me in thy thoughts.

D' Amb. What, utter plainly what I think of you?

Mons. Plaine as truth.

D' Amb. Why this swims quite against the stream of greatnes.
Great men would rather heare their flatteries,
And if they be not made fooles, are not wise.

Mons. I am no such great foole, and therefore charge thee
Even from the roote of thy free heart display mee.

D' Amb. Since you affect it in such serious termes,
If your selfe first will tell me what you think
As freely as I as heartily of me,
I'll be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mons. A bargain of mine honour; and make this,
That prove we in our full dissection
Never so foule, live still the fonder friends.

D' Amb. What else Sir? come pay me home, Ile bide it bravely.

Mons. I will I sweare. I think thee then a man,
That dares as much as a wilde horse or Tyger;
As headstrong and as bloody; and so feed
The ravenous wolfe of thy most Canniball valour,
(Rather than not employ it) thou wouldst tyme
Hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew,

Or English usurer, to force possessions;
 And cut men's throats of mortgaged estates;
 Or thou would'st tire thee like a Tinkers turnpet;
 And murder market folks, quarrell with sheepe;
 And runne as mad as a *Jax*; serve a Butcher;
 Doe any thing but killing of the King;
 That in thy valour thou art like a beeh naturall;
 That have strange gifts in nature, but no soule;
 Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a peece;
 But stop at humours, that are more absurd;
 Childish and villanous than that hackneyd whore;
 Slave, cut-throat, Tinkers bitch, compar'd before;
 And in those humours would'st envie, betray,
 Slander, blaspheme, change each hours religion;
 Doe any thing, but killing of the King;
 That in thy valour (which is still the dunghill)
 To which hath reference all filth in thy house;
 Th'art more ridiculous and vaine-glorious
 Than any Mountibank; and impudent
 Than any painted Bawd; which, not to sooth
 And glorifie thee like a *Jupiter Humbug*;
 Thou cat'st thy heart in vinegar; and thy gall
 Turns all thy blood to poyson, which is cause
 Of that Toad-pools that stands in thy complexion;
 And makes thee (with a cold and earthy moisture,
 Which is the damme of purification,
 As plague to thy damnd pride) rot as thou liv'st;
 To study calumnies and treacheries;
 To thy friends slaughters, like a Scrich-owle sing,
 And to all mischiefs, but to kill the King.

D'Amb. So: Have you said?

Mons. How think'st thou? Doe I flatter?

Speak I not like a trusty friend to thee?

D'Amb. That ever any man was blest withall;

So here's for me. I think you are (at worst)

No devill, since y'are like to be no King;

Of which, with any friend of yours I may

This poore Stillado here, gainst all the starres,

I, and

I, and 'gainst all your treacheries, which are more;
 That you did never good, but to do ill;
 But ill of all sorts, free and for it selfe;
 That (like a murdering peece, making lanes in Armies
 The first start of a rank, the whole fank falling)
 If you have wrong'd one man, you are so farre
 From making him amends, that all his race,
 Friends and associates fall into your chace:
 That y' are for perjuries the very prince
 Of all intelligencers; and your voice
 Is like an Easterne winde, that where it flies,
 Knits nets of Catterpillars, with which you catch
 The prime of all the Fruits, the Kingdome yelds.
 That your politicall head is the curst fount
 Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty,
 Tyrannic & Atheisme flowing through the realme.
 That y' ave a tongue so scandalous, 'twill cut
 The purest Christall; and a breath that will
 Kill to that wall a spider; you will jett
 With God, and your soule to the devill tender
 For lust; kisse horror, and with death engender.
 That your foule body is a Lernean senn
 Of all the maladies breeding in all men.
 That you are utterly without a soule:
 And (for your life) the thred of that was spunne,
 When *Clotho* slept, and let her breathing rock
 Fall in the dust; and *Lachesis* still drawes it,
 Dipping her twisting fingers in a boule
 Defil'd, and crown'd with vertues forced soule.
 And lastly (which I must for Gratitude
 Ever remember) That of all my height
 And dearest life, you are the onely spring.
 Onely in royall hope to kill the King.

Alon. Why now I see thou lov'st me, come to the banquet.

(*Shows*) *Exeunt*

Finis

Alon.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

Henry, Monsieur with a Letter, Joffe, Monsieur, Bussy,
Elynor, Tamora, Beaupre, Penn, Claudette, Anable,
Bertha, with her Father, Pages, and other attendants.

Henr. Ladies, ye have not done our banquet right:
Nor lookt upon it with those cheerfull eyes
That lately turn'd your hearts to founts of gold:
Your looks, methinks, are not drawn out with thoughts
So cleare and free as heretofore, but soule
As if the thick complexions of men
Govern'd within them.

Buss. 'Tis not like my Lord
That men in women rule, but contrary:
For as the Moone (of all things God created)
Not only is the most appropriate image
Or glasse to shew them how they wax and wane,
But in her height and motion likewise beares
Imperiall influences that command
In all their powers, and make them wax and wane;
So women, that (of all things made of nothing)
Are the most perfect Idols of the Moone,
(Or still-unwean'd sweet Moon-calves with white faces)
Not only are patrons of change to men:
But as the tender Moon-shine of their beauties
Clears, or is cloudy, make men glad or sad,
So then they rule in men, not men in them.

Monsr. But here the Moone are chang'd (as the King notes)
And either men rule in them, or some power
Beyond their voluntary faculty:
For nothing can recover their lost faces.

Monsr. None can be alwayes one: our griefes and joyes
Hold severall scepters in us, and have times
For their divided Empires: which grieke now, in them
Doth prove as proper to his diadem.

D'Amb. And grieke is a naturall sicknesse of the blood,

That time to part asks, as his coming had;
 Onely sleight looks grieve'd, suddenly are glad;
 A man may say t's a dead man, be reviv'd,
 As well as one formerly full, be not griev'd.
 And therefore (Princely Mistress) in all warres
 Against these base foes, that make us weaknesse,
 And still fight hous'd, behind the shield of Nature,
 Of priviledge law, treachery, or beastly need,
 Your strength cannot help; authority here
 Goes with corruption, something like some States,
 That back would turne, & valour to them must creepe:
 That (to themselves left) would have him sleepe.

Duchess. Ye all take that for granted, that doth rest
 Yet to be prov'd; we all are as we were,
 As merry, and as free in thought as ever.

Gai. And why then can ye not disclose your thoughts?

Tamy. Me thinkes the man hath answer'd for us well.

Monf. The man? why Madam doe not know his name?

Tamy. Man is a name of honour for a King:

Additions take away from each chaste thing:

The Schoole of Modesty, not to learne, learner Dames:

They sit in high form there; that know mens names.

Monf. Heark sweet heart, here's a bar set to your valour:
 It cannot enter here; no, not to notice

Of what your name is; your great Eagles beak
 (Should you sit at her) had a good encounter
 An Albion cliffe, as her more craggy liver.

D' Amb. He not attempt her Sir; her fight and name
 (By which I onely know her) doth deter me.

Ham. So doe they all men else.

Monf. You would say so
 If you knew all.

Tamy. Knew all my Lord? what means you?

Monf. All that I know Madam.

Tamy. That you know? I speak it.

Monf. No tis enough I feele it.

Heur. But me thinks
 Her Courtship is more pure than heretofore.

True Courtiers should be modest, and not wise;
Bold, but not impudent; pleasure love, not vice.

Mons. Sweet heart, come hither: what if one should make
Horns at *Monnsurvy*? would it not strike him jealous
Through all the proofes of his chaste Ladies vertues?

D' Amb. If he be wise, not.

Mons. What? not if I should name the Gardener,
That I would have him think hath grafted him?

D' Amb. So the large licences that your greatnesse uses
To jest at all men, may be taught indeed
To make a difference of the grounds you play on,
Both in the men you scandall, and the matter.

Mons. As how? as how?

D' Amb. Perhaps led with a traine, where you may have
Your nose made lesse, and slit, your eyes thrust out.

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.
Who dares doe that? the brother of his King?

D' Amb. Were your King brother in you, all your powers
(Stretcht in the armes of great men and their Bayards)
Set close downe by you, all your stormy lawes
Spouted with Lawyers meuthes, and gushing blond,
Like to so many Torrents, all your glories,
(Making you terrible, like enchanted flames,
Fed with bare cockscombs, and with crooked hammes)
All your prerogatives, your shames and tortures,
All daring heaven, and opening hell about you;
Were I the man ye wrong'd so, and provok'd,
(Though ne're so much beneath you) like a box tree
I would (out of the roughnesse of my root)
Ravage hardnesse, in my lownesse, and like death
Mounted on earthquakes, I would rise through all
Honors and horrors, thorow faine and faile,
And from your whole strength toss you into the aire.

Mons. Goe, thou'art a devil; such another spirit
Could not be still'd from all th' Armenian dragons,
O my Loves glory shure to all I have:
That's all I can say, and that all I sweare.
If thou giv'st me, as I know thou must,

Or else hath nature no proportion'd end
To her great labours: she hath breath'd a minde
Into thy entrails, of desert to swell
Into another great *Augustus Caesar*
Organs, and faculties fitted to her greatness
And should that perish like a common spirit,
Nature's a Coward and regards no merit.

Henr. Here's nought but whispering with us like a calme
Before a tempest, when the silent ayre
Layes her soft eare close to the eare to hearken
For that she feares sheales on to ravish her
Some Fate doth joine our eares to heare it comming.
Come, my brave eagle, let's to Coventry
I see Almighty *Ether* in the smoke
Of all his cloudes descending, and the skie
Hid in the dim offents of Tragedy.

*Exe. Henr. with
Amb. & Ladies.*

Guis. Now stirre the humour, and begin the braille.

Mont. The King and *D'Ambois* now are growne all one.

Monf. Nay, they are two my Lord.

Mont. How's that? *Monf.* No more.

Mont. I must have more my Lord.

Monf. What more than two? *His*

Mont. How monstrous is this?

Monf. Why?

Mont. You make me Hornie.

Monf. Not I, in a wroth without my power.

Married mens enignes are not made with fingers.

Of divine Fabrique they are, Not mens hands.

Your wife, you know, is a *moore Cynthia*.

And she must fashion herne out of her Nature.

Mont. But doth she? dare you charge her? speak false Prince.

Monf. I must not speak my Lord, but if you'll use

The learning of a noble map, and read

Here's something to those points: soft you must payne

Your honour having read it to return it. *Enter Tamis & de Per.*

Monf. Not I, I payne mine Honour for a paper.

Monf. You must not buy it under.

Exeunt Gaisende Monf.

Mont.

Mont. Keepe it then,
And keepe fire in your bosome.

Tam. What sayes he?

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Tam. How fares my Lord?
Takes my Love any thing to heart he sayes?

Mont. Come, y are a. — *Tam.* What my Lord?

Mont. The plague of Herod
Feast in his rotten entrailes.

Tam. Will you wreak
Your angers just cause given by him on me?

Mont. By him?

Tam. By him my Lord, I have admir'd
You could all this time be at concord with him;

That still hath pleid such discords on your honour?

Mont. Perhaps tis with some proud string of my wives.

Tam. How's that, my Lord?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire,
Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Tam. O woe is me. *She seems to sound.*

Pero. What does your Lordship meane?

Madam, be comforted; my Lord but tries you.

Madam? Help good my Lord; are you not mov'd?

Doe your set looks print in your words your thoughts?

Sweet Lord, cleare up those eyes; unbend that masking forehead,

Whence is it you rush upon her with these Irish warres,

More full of sound then hurt? but it is enough,

You have shot home, your words are in her heart;

She has not liv'd to beare a triall now.

Mont. Look up my Love, and by this kisse receive

My soule amongst thy spirits for supply

To thine, chac'd with my fury.

Tam. O my Lord,

I have too long liv'd to heare this from you:

Mont. 'Twas from my troubled blood; and not from me:

I know not how I fare; a sudden night

Flowers through my entrailes, and a headlong Chaos

Murmurs within me, which I must digest.

And not drowne her in my confusions,
 That was my lives joy, being best inform'd;
 Sweet, you must needs forgive me, that my love
 (Like to a fire disdain'd his suppression)
 Rag'd being discourag'd, my whole heart is wounded
 When any least thought in you is but touch'd.
 And shall be till I know your former merits:
 Your name and memory altogether crave
 In just oblivion their eternall grave;
 And then you must hear from me, there's no more
 In any passion I shall feele for you;
 Love is a razor cleansing being well us'd,
 But fetcheth blood still being the least abus'd:
 To tell you briefly all; The man that let me
 When you appeare'd, did name me worse than women;
 And stab'd me to the heart thus, with his fingers.

Tamy. O happy woman! Come my stain from him?
 It is my beauty, and that innocence proves,
 That flew *Chymara*, resist'd *Peleus*
 From all the fowle beasts in Pelcon;
 And rais'd the chaste *Athenian* Prince from hell;
 All suffering with me; they for womens lusts,
 I for a mans; that the *Egean* stable
 Of his foule staine would empy in my lap;
 How his guilt stain'd me? sacred innocency
 That where thou wast, we dreadfull; and his face
 Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in chace:
 Come, bring me to him? I will tell the serpent
 Even to his venom'd teeth (from whose curst feed
 A pitch field starts up 'twixt my Lord and me)
 That his throat lies, and he shall curse his fingers,
 For being so govern'd by his filthy soule.

Mont. I know not, if him selfe will vaunt t'have becom
 The princely Author of the flouish fame,
 Or any other; he would have resolv'd me,
 Had you not come; not by his word, but writing,
 Would I have succour to give him againe,
 And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

Tam. See how he flies me still: This soul's hour
That fears his own hand: Good my Lord make haste
To see the dangerous paper: Papers hold
Oft-times the formes, and copies of our losses,
And (though the world despise them) are the prizes
Of all our honors, make your honours then
A hostage for it, and with it conferte
My neerest woman here, in all she knowes;
Who (if the sunne or *Cerberus* could have seen
Any shame in me) might as well as they:
And *Pero*, here I charge thee by my love,
And all proofes of it, (which I might call bounden)
By all that thou hast seene seeme good in mee,
And all the ill which thou shouldst hat from mee,
By pity of the wound this tooth hath given me,
Not as thy Mistress now, but a poore woman
(To death given over) rid me of my paines,
Powre on thy powder: cleare thy breast of me:
My Lord is only here: here speak thy worst,
Thy best will doe me mischief; If thou sparst me,
Never shine good thought on thy memory:
Resolve my Lord, and leave me desperate.

Pero. My Lord? My Lord hath plaid a prodigals part,
To break his Stock for nothing, and an insolent,
To cut a Gordian when he could not looke it:
What violence is this, to put this fire
To a false train? To blow up long crown'd peace
With sudden outrage? and beleeye a man
Sworne to the shame of women, against a woman,
Borne to their honours: but I will to him.

Tam. No, I will write (for I shall never more
Meet with the fugitive) where I will defile him,
Were he ten times the brother of my King.
To him my Lord, and ile to cursing him.

Exeunt.

Enter D'Ambois and Prier.

D'Ambois. I am suspicious of my wife's honour & Father,
By some of Monsieur's cunning passages,
That his still ranging and contentious newchalls;

To

To scent the haunts of mischief, have so us'd
 The vicious virtue of his busifence,
 That he trails hotly of him, and will rowze him,
 Driving him all onrag'd, and foming on us,
 And therefore have entreated your deepe skill,
 In the command of good & ill spirits,
 To assume these Magicks rites, and call up one
 To know if any have reveal'd unto him
 Any thing touching my deare Love and me.

Frier. Good soone you have amaz'd me but to make
 The least doubt of it, it concerns so nearly
 The faith and reverence of my name and order,
 Yet will I justifie upon my soule
 All I have done, if any spirit iⁿ the earth or aire
 Can give you the resolve, doe not despaire.

Musick: and Tambourini with Perc and her maid,
hearing a Letter.

Tam. Away, deliver it: O may my lines *Exit Perc.*
 (Fill'd with the poison of a womans hate
 When he shall open them) shrink up his curst eyes
 With torturous darknesse, such as stands in hell,
 Struck full of inward horrors, never lighted;
 With which are all things to be fear'd, affrighted.

D' Amb. How is it with my honour'd Mistress?

Tam. O servant help, and save me from the grips
 Of shame and infamy. Our love is knowne,
 Your Monsieur hath a paper where is writ
 Some secret tokens that discover it.

D' Amb. What cold dull Northern brain, what foole but he,
 Durst take into his Epimethean breast
 A box of such plagues as the danger yeelds,
 Incur'd in this discovery? He had better
 Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach
 Of the hot surfets cast out of the clouds,
 Or stood the bullets that (to wreak the skie)
 The Cyclops ramme in Loves attillerie.

Frier. We soone will take the darknesse from his face
 That did that deed of darknesse; we will know

What

What now the Monsieur and your husband doe ;
 What is contain'd within the secret paper
 Offer'd by Monsieur, and your loves events :
 To which ends (honour'd daughter) at your motion
 I have put on these exorcising Rites,
 And, by my power of learned holiness
 Vouchsaf't me from above, I will command
 Our resolution of a raised spirit.

Tamy. Good Father raise him in some beauteous forme,
 That with least terror I may brook his sight.

Frier. Stand sure together then what ere you see,
 And stir not, as ye tender all our lives. *He puts on his robes.*

Occidentalium legionum spiritalium imperator (magnus ille Behemoth) veni, veni, comitatus cum Asaroth locotenente in viis. Adjuro te per stygis inscrutabilia arcana, per ipsos irreversibiles avfractus averni: adesto o Behemoth, in cui pervia sunt Magnatum scrinia; veni, per Noctis & tenebrarum abdita profundissima; per latentia sydera; per ipsos motus horarum furtivos, Hecatesq; altum silentium: Appare in forma spiritali, lucente splendida & amabili.

Thunder. Ascendit.

Beh. What would the holy Frier ?

Frier. I would see

What now the Monsieur and Maunsferry doe ;
 And see the secret paper that the Monsieur
 Offer'd to Count Maunsferry, longing much
 To know on what events the secret loves
 Of these two honour'd persons shall arrive.

Beh. Why call'st thou me to this accursed light,
 To these light purposes ? I am Emperor
 Of that inscrutable darkness, where are hid
 All deepest truths, and secrets never scene,
 All which I know, and command Legions
 Of knowing spirits that can doe more then these.
 Any of this my guard that circle me
 In these blew fires, and out of whose dim fumes
 Vast murmurs use to break, and from their sounds
 Articulate voyces, can doe ten parts more
 Than open such sleight truths, as you require.

H

Frier.

Frier. From the last nights black depth, I call'd up on
Of the inferiour ablest Ministers,
And he could not resolve me; send one th:
Out of thine owne command, to fetch the paper
That Monsieur hath to shew to Count *Montsurry*.

Beh. I will: *Cartophylax* thou that properly
Hast in thy power all papers so inscrib'd,
Glide through all barres to it, and fetch that paper.

Car. I will. *A Torch removes.*

Frier. Till he returns (great prince of darknesse)
Tell me, if Monsieur and the Count *Montsurry*
Are yet encounter'd.

Beh. Both th: in and the Guise
Are now together.

Frier. Shew us all their persons,
And represent the place, with all their actions.

Beh. The spirit will strait return, and then Ile shew thee:
See he is come; why brought'st thou not the paper?

Car. He hath prevented me, and got a spirit
Rais'd by another, great in our command,
To take the guard of it before I came.

Beh. This is your slacknesse, not t' invoke our powers;
When first your acts set forth to their effects;
Yet shall you see it, and themselves: behold
They come here & the Earle now holds the paper.

D' Amb. May we not heare them? *End. Mons.*

Mons. No, be still and see. *with a paper*

D' Amb. I will goe fetch the paper.

Frier. Do not stirre.
There's too much distance, and too many locks
Twixt you and them: (how neere so e're they seeme)
For any man to interrupt their secrets.

Tam. O honour'd spirit, sit into the fancie
Of my off'ended Lord: and doe not let him
Beleeve what there the wicked man hath written.

Pre. Perswasion hath already enter'd him
Beyond reflection; peace till their departure.

Mons. There is a glasse of Inke where you may see

How to make ready black fac'd Tragedy :
You now discern, I hope through all her paintings,
Her gasping wrinkles, and fumes sepulchres.

Gni. Think you he saines my Lord ? what hold you now ?
Doe we maligne your wife : or honour you ?

Monf. What stricken dumb ? nay sic, Lord be not danted :
Your case is common : were it ne're so rare
Bears it as rarely : now to laugh were manly :
A worthy man should imitate the weather
That sings in tempests : and being cleare is silent.

Gni. Goe home my Lord, and force your wife to write
Such loving lines to *D'Ambois* as she us'd
When she desir'd his presence.

Monf. Doe my Lord,
And make her name her conceal'd messenger :
That close and most ininnerable Pander
That passeth all our studies to exquire :
By whom convey the letter to her love :
And so you shall be sure to have him come
Within the thirsty reach of your revenge ;
Before which, lodge an ambush in her chamber
Behind the arras of your stoutest men
All close and soundly arm'd : and let them share
A spirit amongst them, that would serve a thousand.

Enter Pero with a Letter.

Gni. Yet stay a little : see she sends for you.

Monf. Poore, loving Lady, she'll make all good yet,
Think you not so my Lord ? *Exit Monf. and stabs Pero.*

Gni. Alas poore soule.

Monf. This was cruelly done y'faith.

Per. T'was nobly done.

And I forgive his Lordship from my soule.

Monf. Then much good doo't thee *Pero* : hast a letter ?

Per. I hope it rather be a bitter volume
Of worthy curses for your perjury.

Gni. To you my Lord.

Monf. To me ? Now our upon her.

Gni. Let me see my Lord.

H 2

Monf.

Monf. You shall presently know tares my *Perat*. *Enter servant.*
 Who's there? take in this Maid, sh'as caught a clap,
 And fetch my Surgeon to her; Come my Lord,
 We'll now peruse our letter.

Exeunt Monf. Guise.

Per. Furies rise
 Out of the black lines, and torment his conscience.

Tam. Hath my Lord slain my woman?

Beh. No, she lives.

Frier. What shall become of us?

Beh. All I can say

Being call'd thus late, is grief, and dark by this:

If *D'Ambois* Mistress die not her white hand

In his forc'd blood, he shall remaine untouched:

So Father, shall your selfe, but by your selfe:

To make this *Augur* plainer: when the voyce

Of *D'Ambois* shall invoke me, I will rise,

Shining in greater light, and shew him all

That will betide ye all; meane time be wise,

And curb his valour, with your policies. *Descendit ramus.*

Buff. Will he appeare to me, when I invoke him?

Frier. He will, be sure.

Buff. It must be shortly then:

For his dark words have tyed my thoughts on knots

Till he dissolve, and free them.

Tam. In meane time

Deare servant, till your powerfull voyce revoke him,

Be sure to use the policy headvis'd:

Lest fury in your too quick knowledge taken

Of our abuse, and your defence of me,

Accuse me more than any enemy:

And Father, you must on my Lord impose

Your holiest charges, and the Churches power,

To temper his hot spirit: and disperse

The cruelty and the blood, I know his hand

Will showre upon our heads, if you put not

Your finger to the storme, and hold it up;

As my deare servant here must doe with Monsieur.

Buff. Ile sooth his plots, and grow my hate with sinles,

Till

Till all at once the close mines of my heart
 Rise at full date, and rush into his bloud:
 Ile bind his arme in silk, and rub his flesh,
 To make the veine swell, that his soule may gush
 Into some kennell, where it longs to lie,
 And policy shall be flankt with policy,
 Yet shall the feeling come, where we meet
 Groane with the waite of my approaching feet:
 Ile make th' inspired thresholds of his Court
 Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps
 Before I enter; yet will I procure
 Like calme security, before a ruine:
 A Politician, must like lightning melt
 The very marrow, and not taint the skin:
 His wayes must not be seene, the superficies
 Of the Greene center must not taste his feet;
 When hell is plow'd up with his wounding tract,
 And all his harvest reapt by hellish facts.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus Quinti Scena Prima.

*Montsurry bare, untrunc't, pulling Tammy in by the haire,
 Frier, One bearing light, a handish and paper,
 which sets a Table.*

Tamy. O Help me Father.

Frier. Impious Earle forbear.
 Take violent hand from her, or by mine order
 The King shall force thee.

Mont. Tis not violent; come you not willingly?

Tamy. Yes good my Lord.

Frier. My Lord remember that your soule must seek,
 Her peace, as well as your revenge full bloud:
 You euer to this houre haue prov'd your selfe
 A noble, zealous, and obedient forme,
 To our holy mother: be not an Apostate:

Your wives offence serves not, (were it the worst
 You can imagine, without greater proofes)
 To sever your eternall bonds, and hearts;
 Much lesse to touch her with a bloody hand:
 Nor is it manly (much lesse husbandly)
 To expiate any frailty in your wife,
 With churlish strokes, or beastly odds of strength:
 The stony birth of clowds, will touch no lawrell,
 Nor any sleeper; your wife is your lawrell,
 And sweetest sleeper; doe not touch her then
 Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour;
 To her that is more gentle than that rude;
 In whom kind nature suffer'd one offence
 But to set off her other excellence.

Mont. Good Father leave us: interrupt no more
 The course I must runne for mine honour sake,
 Rely on my love to her, which her fault
 Cannot extinguish: will she but disclose
 Who was the secret minister of her love,
 And through what maze he serv'd it, we are friends.

Frier. It is a damn'd work to pursue those secrets,
 That would ope more sinne, and prove springs of slaughter;
 Nor is't a path for Christian feet to tread;
 But out of all way to the health of soules;
 A sinne impossible to be forgiven:
 Which he that dares commit—

Mont. Good Father cease: your terrors
 Tempt not a man distracted; I am apt
 To outrages that I shall ever rue:
 I will not passe the verge that bounds a Christian,
 Nor break the limits of a man nor husband.

Com. Then heaven inspire you both with thoughts and deeds
 Worthy his high respect, and your owne soules.

Tamy, Father. *Frier.* I warrant thee my dearest daughter
 He will not touch thee, think'st thou him a Pagan;
 His honor and his soule lies for thy safety.

Mont. Who shall remove the mountaine from my brest,
 Stand the opening furnace of my thoughts,

And

And set fit out-cries for a soule in hell? *Mont. turns a key.*
 For now it nothing fits my woes to speak,
 But thunder, or to take into my throat
 The trump of Heaven; with whose determinate blasts
 The windes shall burst, and the devouring seas
 Be drunk up in his sounds; that my hot woes
 (Vented enough) I might convert to vapour,
 Ascending from my infamie unscene;
 Shorten the world, preventing the last breath
 That kills the living, and regenerates death.

T amy. My Lord, my fault (as you may censure it
 With too strong arguments) is past your pardon:
 But how the circumstances may excuse mee
 Heaven knows; and your more temperate minde hereafter
 May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Hereafter? 'Tis a suppos'd infinite,
 That from this point will rise eternally:
 Fame growes in going; in the scapes of vertue
 Ex-cuses damne her: They be fires in Cities
 Enrag'd with those winds that lesse lights extinguish.
 Come Syren, sing, and dash against my rocks
 Thy ruffin Gally, ri'd with quench for lust:
 Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice,
 With which thou drew'st into thy strumpets lap
 The spawne of Venus; and in which ye danc'd;
 That, in thy laps steed, I may digge his tombe,
 And quit his manhood with a womans sleight,
 Who never is deceiv'd in her deceit.
 Sing, (that is, write) and then take from mine eyes
 The mists that hide the most inscrutable Pandar
 That ever lapt up an adulterous vomit:
 That I may see the devill, and survive
 To be a devill, and then learne to wive:
 That I may hang him, and then cut him downe,
 Then cut him up, and with my soules beams search
 The cranks and cavernes of his braine, and study
 The errant wilderness of a womans face;
 Where men cannot get out, for all the Comets

That

That have bene lighted at it, though they know
 That Adders lie a sunning in their coiles,
 That Basilisks drink their poyson from their eyes,
 And no way thence to coast out to their hearts;
 Yet still they wander there, and are not stay'd
 Till they be fetter'd, nor secure before
 All cares devour them, nor in humane Comfort
 Till they embrace within their wives two breasts
 All Pelion and Cytharon with their beasts.
 Why write you not?

Tam. O, good my Lord forbear
 In wreak of great faults to engender greater,
 And make my Loves corruption generate murder.

Mont. It followes needfully as childe and parent;
 The chaine-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
 And it must murder; tis thine owne deare twinn:
 No man can adde height to a womans sinne.
 Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,
 As when she rageth under vertues cloake.
 Write; For it must be by this ruthless Steele,
 By this impartiall torture, and the death
 Thy tyrannies have invented in my entails,
 To quicken life in dying, and hold up
 The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserve
 Torments in ashes, that will ever last.
 Speak: Will you write?

Tam. Sweet Lord enjoye my Gune:
 Some other penance than what makes it worse
 Hide in some gloomie dungan my loth'd face,
 And let condemned murderers let me downe
 (Stopping their noses) my abhorred food
 Hang me in chaines, and let me eat the fumes
 That have offended: Binde me face to face
 To some dead woman, taken from the Cart
 Of Execution, till death and time
 In graines of dust dissolve me, the endure
 Or any torture that your wretched invention
 Can fright all pitie from the world withall.

But to betray a friend with show of friendship.
That is too common for the rare revenge
Your rage affecteth; here then are my breasts,
Last night your pillowes; here my wretched armes,
As late the wished confines of your life:
Now break them as you please, and all the bounds
Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mont. Where all these have bin broken, they are kept,
In doing their justice there with any show
Of the like cruell cruelty: Thine armes have lost
Their priviledge in lust, and in their torture
Thus they must pay it.

Stabs her.

Tam. O Lord.

Mont. Till thou writ'st
He write in wounds (my wrongs fit characters)
Thy right of sufferance. Write.

Tam. O kill me, kill me.

Deare husband be not crueller than death;
You have beheld some Gorgon: Feels, O feels
How you are turn'd to stone; with my heart blood
Dissolve your selfe againe, or you will grow
Into the image of all Tyrannie.

Mont. As thou art of adultery, I will ever
Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster:
Thus I expresse thee yet.

Stabs her againe.

Tam. And yet I live.

Mont. I, for thy monstrous idoll is not done yet,
This tooke hath wrought enough now Torture use
This other engine on th' habituate powers
Of her thrice damn'd and whorish fortitude.
Use the most madding paines in her that ever
Thy venoms sok'd through, making most of death;
That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and then
Stand vengeance on thy steepest rock a victor.

Tam. O who is turn'd into my Lord and husband?
Husband? My Lord? None but my Lord and husband?
Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sinnes,
Not of my paines: husband, O help me husband.

Ascends Frier with a sword drawn.

Frier. What rape of honour and religion?
O wrack of nature *Falls and dies.*

Tam. Poore man: O my Father,
Farther, look up; O let me downe my Lord,
And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodigies,
What new flame breakes out of the firmament;
That turnes up counsels never knowne before?
Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands still;
Even Heaven it selfe must see and suffer ill:
The too huge bias of the world hath sway'd
Her back-part upwards, and with that she braves
This Hemisphere, that long her mouth hath mockt:
The gravity of her religions face,
(Now growne too waighty with her sacriledge,
And here discern'd sophisticate enough)
Turnes to th' Antipodes: and all the formes
That her illusions have impress in her,
Have eaten through her back: and now all see,
How she is riveted with hypocrisie:
Was this the way? was he the mean betwixt you?

Tam. He was, he was, kind worthy man he was.

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Tamy. I will, I will.

Ile write, but with my bloud that he may see,
Thes lines come from my wounds & not from me. *Writes.*

Mont. Well might he die for thought: me thinks the frame
And shaken joynts of the whole world should crack
To see her parts so disproportionate;
And that his generall beauty cannot stand
Without these staines in the particular man.
Why wander I so farre? here, here was she
That was a whole world without spot to me,
Though now a world of spots; oh what a lightning
Is mans delight in women? what a bubble
He builds his state, fame, life on, when he marries?
Since all earths pleasures are so short and small,

The

The way t' enjoy it, is t' abjure it all.
 Enough : I must be messenger my selfe,
 Disguis'd like this strange creature : in, Ile after,
 To see what guilty light gives this Cave eyes,
 And to the world sing new impieties. *Exeunt.*

He puts the Frier in the vaults and follows. She raps her self in the
Enter Monsieur and Guise. (Arras.

Mons. Now shall we see that nature hath no end
 In her great works, responsive to their worths,
 That she that makes so many eyes and soules
 To see, and fore-see, is stark blind her selfe,
 And as illiterate men say Latine prayers
 By rote of heart, and dayly iteration,
 Not knowing what they say ; so Nature layes
 A deale of stufte together, and by use
 Or by the meere necessity of matter
 Ends such a work, fills it, or leaves it empty
 Of strength, or vertue, error, or cleare truth,
 Not knowing what she does, but usually
 Gives that which she calls merit to a man,
 And belife must arrive him on huge riches,
 Honour, and happin'sse, that effects his ruine.
 Even as in ships of warre whole lastts of powder
 Are laid (me thinks) to make them last and guard,
 When a disorder'd spark that powder taking,
 Blowes up with sodaine violence and horror
 Ships that (kept empty) had sayl'd long with terror.

Guise. He that observes but like a worldly man
 That which doth oft succeed, and by th' events
 Values the worth of things, will think it true
 That Nature works at random, just with you.
 But with as much proportion she may make
 A thing that from the feet up to the throat
 Hath all the wondrous fabrique man should have,
 And leave it beadle'sse for a perfect man ;
 As give a full man valour, vertue, learning,
 Without an end more excellent then those
 On whom she no such worthy part bestowes.

Monf. Yet shall you see it here, here will be one
 Young, learned, valiant, vertuous, and full mann'd;
 One on whom nature spent so rich a hand,
 That with an omirous eye she wept to see
 So much consum'd her vertuous treasure.
 Yet as the winds sing through a hollow tree,
 And (since it lets them passe through) let's it stand;
 But a tree solid (since it gives no way
 To their wild rage) they rend up by the root:
 So this whole man
 (That will not wind with every crooked way,
 Trod by the servile world) shall reele and fall
 Before the frantick puffs of blind borne chances.
 That pipes through empty men, and makes them dance:
 Not so the Sea raves on the Libian sands,
 Tumbling her billowes in each others neck:
 Not so the surges of the Euxian Sea
 (Neere to the frosty pole, where free *Bootes*
 From those dark deep vvaves turns his radiant teame,)
 Swell (being enrag'd even from their inmost drop)
 As fortune fwings about the restlesse state
 Of vertue, now throwne into all mens hate.

Enter Monisurry disguis'd with the murderers.

Away my Lord, you are perfectly disguis'd,
 Leave us to lodge your ambush.

Monf. Speed me vengeance. *Exit.*

Monf. Resolve my Masters, you shall meet with one:
 Will try what proofes your privy coats are made on:
 When he is entred, and you heare us stamp,
 Approach, and make all sure.

Murth. We vvill my Lord. *Exeunt.*

D'Ambois with two Pages with Tapers.

D' Amb. Sit up to nighr, and vvatch, Ile speak vvith none:
 But the old Frier, who bring to me.

Pa. We will Sir. *Exeunt.*

D' Amb. What violent heat is this? me thinks the fire
 Of twenty lives doth on a suddaine flash
 Through all my faculties: the ayre goes high

In this close chamber, and the frighted earth
Trembles, and shrinks beneath me; the whole house
Nods with his shaken burthen: bleſſe me, heaven.

Thunder.

Enter Umb. Frier.

Umb. Note what I want deare ſonne, and be fore-warn'd.
O there are bloudy deeds paſt and to come:
I cannot ſtay, a fate doth raviſh me:
He meet thee in the chamber of thy love.

Exit.

D' Amb. What diſmall change is here? the good old Frier
Is murder'd; being made knowne to ſerve my love;
And now his reſtleſſe ſpirit would fore-warne me
Of ſome plot dangerous, and imminent.
Note what he wants? he wants his upper weed,
He wants his life, and body: which of theſe
Should be the want he meanes, and may ſupply me
With any fit fore-warning? this ſtrange viſion,
(Together with the dark prediction
Us'd by the Prince of darkneſſe that was rais'd
By this embodied ſhadow) ſtirre my thoughts
With remiſſion of the Spirits promiſe;
Who told me, that by any invocation
I ſhould have power to raiſe him; though it wanted
The powerfull v vords, and decent rites of Art;
Never had my ſet braine ſuch need of ſpirit,
T' inſtruct and cheere it; now then I will claime
Performance of his free and gentle vow,
T' appeare in greater light; and make more plain
His ſugg'd Oracle: I long to know
How my deare Miſtreſſe fares; and be inform'd
What hand ſhe now holds on the troubled blond
Of her incens'd Lord: me thought the Spirit
(When he had utter'd his perplext preſage)
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds;
His forehead bent, as it would hide his face;
He knockt his chin againſt his dar kned breaſt;
And ſtruck a churliſh ſilence through his pow'rs.
Terror of darkneſſe, O thou King of flames,
That wiſt thy Muſique-footed horſe doſt ſtrike

The cleare light out of chryftall, on dark earth,
 And hurlst instructive fire about the world,
 Wake, wake, the drowfie and enchanted night,
 That sleepest with dead eyes in this heavy riddle;
 O thou great Prince of shades where never sunnie
 Sticks his far-darted beames, whose eyes are made
 To shine in darknesse, and see ever best
 Where men are blindest, open now the heart
 Of thy abashed oracle, that for feare
 Of some ill it includes would faine lie hid,
 And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

Thunders. *Surgit Spiritus cum suis.*

Sp. Thus to obferve my vow of apparition
 In greater light, and explicate thy fate,
 I come; and tell thee that if thou obey
 The summons that thy mistress next will send thee,
 Her hand shall be thy death.

D' Amb. When will she send?

Sp. Soone as I set againe, where late I rose.

D' Amb. Is the old Frier slaine?

Sp. No, and yet lives not.

D' Amb. Died he a naturall death?

Sp. He did.

D' Amb. Who then
 Will my deare mistress send?

Sp. I must not tell thee.

D' Amb. Who lets thee?

Sp. Fate.

D' Amb. Who are fates ministers?

Sp. The Guise and Monsieur.

D' Amb. A fit paire of theeves

To cut the threds of Kings, and kingly spirits,

And consorts fit to sound forth harmony;

Set to the fials of Kingdomes shall the hand

Of my kind Mistress kill me?

Sp. If thou yeeld,

To her next summons; y^e are faire warn'd: farewell.

D' Amb. I must fare well, how ever: though I die

Exit.

My death consenting with his augurie ;
Should not my powers obey when she commands,
My motion must be rebell to my will :
My will to life, if when I have obey'd,
Her hand should so reward me : they must arme it,
Binde me or force it : or I lay my life
She rather would convert it many times
On her owne bosome, even to many deaths :
But were there danger of such violence,
I know 'tis farre from her intent to send :
And who she should send is as farre from thought,
Since he is dead, whose only mean she us'd.
Whose there ? look to the dore : and let him in,
Though politick Monsieur, or the violent Guise.

Knocks.

*Enter Montsurry like the Frier, with a Letter
written in bloud.*

Mont. Haile to my worthy sonne.

D'Amb. O lying Spirit !

To say the Frier was dead, Ile now beleeve
Nothing of all his forg'd predictions.
My kinde and honour'd Father, well reviv'd,
I have beene frighted with your death, and mine,
And told my Mistrisse hand should be my death
If I obeyed this summons.

Mont. I belev'd your love had bin much clearer, then to give
Any such doubt a thought, for she is cleare,
And having freed her husbands jealousy,
(Of which her much abus'd hand here is witnesse)
She prayes for urgent cause your instant presence.

D'Amb. Why then your prince of spirits may be call'd
The prince of lyers.

Mont. Holy writ so calls him.

D'Amb. What ? writ in bloud ?

Mont. I, 'tis the ink of lovers.

D'Amb. O, 'tis a sacred witnesse of her love.
So much elixer of her bloud as this
Dropt in the lightest dame, would make her firme
As heat to fire : and like to all the signes,

Commands

Commands the life confide in all my veins;
O how it multiplies my blood with spirit,
And makes me apt t'encounter death and hell;
But, come kinde Father; you fetch me to heaven;
And to that end your holy weed was given.

Exeunt,

Thunder. Intrat Vmura Frier, and discovers Tamyra.

Frier. Up with these stupid thoughts, still loved daughter,
And strike away this heartlesse trance of anguish,
Be like the Sunne, and labour in eclipses,
Look to the end of woes: oh can you sit
Mustering the horrors of your servants slaughter
Before your contemplation, and not study
How to prevent it? watch when he shall rise,
And with a suddaine out-erie of his murder,
Blow his retreat before he be revenged.

Tamyra. O Father, have my dumb woes wak'd your death?
When will our humane griefes be at their height?
Man is a tree, that hath no top in eares;
No root in comforts; all his power to live
Is given to no end, but have power to grieve.

Frier. It is the misery of our creation: Your true friend,
Led by your husband, shadowed in my weed,
Now enters the dark vault.

Tamyra. But my dearest Father,
Why will not you appeare to him your selfe,
And see that none of these deceits annoy him.

Frier. My power is limited, alas I cannot,
All that I can doe—See the Cave opens.

Exit,

D' Amboys at the gulf.

Tamyra. Away (my Love) away, thou wilt be murder'd.

Enter Monsieur and Guise above.

D' Amb. Murder'd? I know not what that Hebrew means:
That word had ne're bin nam'd had all bin *D' Ambois*.
Murder'd? By heaven he is my murderer
That shewes me not a murderer: what such bugge
Abhorreth not the very sleepe of *D' Amboys*?
Murder'd? Who dares give all the room I see
T *D' Ambois* reach? or look with any odds

His

His fight i'th face, upon whose hand sits death;
Whose sword hath wings, and every feather pierceth?
If I scape Monieurs Pothecarie Shops,
Foutir, for Guises Shambles, 'twas ill plotted
They should have mall'd me here,
When I was rising, I am up and ready.
Let in my politique visitants, let them in,
Though entring like so many moving armours,
Fate is more strong than arms, and slic than treason,
And I at all parts buckl'd in my Fate:

Mons. Guise. Why enter not the coward villains?

D' Amb. Dare they not come?

Enter murderers with Frier at the other dore.

Tam. They come.

Mursh. 1. Come all at once.

Frier. Back coward murderers, back.

Om. Defend us heaven.

Exeunt all but the first.

1. Come ye not on?

D' Amb. No, slave, nor goest thou off.

Stand you so firme? Will it not enter here?

You have a face yet: so in thy lifes flame

¶ burne the first rites to my Mistresse fame.

Frier. Breath thee brave sonne against the other charge.

D' Amb. O is it true then that my sense first told me?

Is my kind Father dead?

Tam. He is my Love.

'Twas the Earle my husband in his weed that brought thee.

Bus. That was a speeding sleight, and well resembled.

Where is that angry Earle my Lord? Come forth

And shew your owne face in your owne affaire;

Take not into your noble veines the blood

Of these base villaines, nor the light reports

Of blister'd tongues, for cleare and weighty truth:

But me against the world, in pure defence

Of your rare Lady, to whose spotlesse name

I stand here as a bulwark, and project

A life to her renowne, that ever yet

Hath beene untainted even in envies eye,

K

And

And where it would protect a Sanctuary.
 Brave Earle come forth, and keep your scandall in:
 'Tis not our fault if you enforce the spot,
 Nor the wreak yours if you performe it not.

Enter Mont. with all the murderers.

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or spirit beat ye off?
 They are your owne faint spirits that have forg'd
 The fearefull shadowes that your eyes deluded:
 The fiend was in you; cast him out then thus.

D'Ambois hath Montsurry downe.

Tam. Favour (my Lord) my Love, O favour him.

Pistol's shot within.

D'Am. I will not touch him: Take your life, my Lord,
 And be appeas'd: O then the coward Fates
 Have maim'd themselves, and ever lost their honour.

Umb. What have ye done slaves? irreligious Lord?

Buss. Forbeare them, Father; 'tis enough for me
 That Guise and Monsieur, death and destinie
 Come behind *D'Ambois*: is my body then
 But penetrable flesh? And must my mind
 Follow my blood? Can my divine part adde
 No ayd to th'earthly in extremity?
 Then these divines are but for forme, not fact:
 Man is of two sweet Courtly friends compact;
 A Mistresse and a servant: let my death
 Define life nothing but a Courtiers breath.
 Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
 Their abstract being a dreame but of a shade,
 Ile not complaine to earth yet, but to heaven,
 And (like a man) look upwards even in death.
 And if *Vespasian* thought in majestic
 An Emperour might die standing, why not I?
 Nay without help, in which I will exceed him;
 For he died splinted with his chamber Groomes.
 Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done:
 The equall thought I beare of life and death,
 Shall make me faint on no side; I am up
 Here like a Roman Statue; I will stand

*She offers to
 help him.*

Till

Till death hath made me Marble : O my fame
Live in despite of murder ; take thy wings
And haste thee where the gray-ey'd morn perfumes
Her Rose chariot with Sabean spices,
Fly, where the evening from th' Iberian vales,
Takes on her swarthy shoulders, *Heccate*
Crown'd with a Grove of Oakes : sic where men feele
The burning axeltree : and those that suffer
Beneath the chariot of the Snowy Beare :
And tell them all that *D'Ambois* now is hasting
To the eternall dwellers ; that a thunder
Of all their sighes together (for their frailties
Beheld in me) may quit my worthlesse fall
With a fit volley for my funerall.

Vmb. Forgive thy murtherers.

Buff. I forgive them all ;

And you my Lord, their fautor ; for true signe
Of which unfain'd remission, take my sword ;
Take it, and onely give it motion,
And it shall finde the way to victory
By his owne brightnesse, and th' inherent valour
My fight hath still'd into't, with charmes of spirit.
Now let me pray you, that my weighty bloud
Laid in one scale of your impertiall spleene,
May sway the forfeit of my worthy love
Waide in the other : and be reconcil'd
With all forgiveness to your matchlesse wife.

Tam. Forgive thou me deare servant, and this hand
That lead thy life to this unworthy end,
Forgive it, for the bloud with which 'tis stain'd,
In which I writ the summons of thy death :
The forced summons, by this bleeding wound,
By this here in my bosome : and by this
That makes me hold up both my hands embrew'd
For thy deare pardon.

Buff. O, my heart is broken
Fate, nor the murtherers, Monsieur, nor the Guise,
Have any glory in my death, but this :

This killing spectacle : this prodigie :
 My sunne is turn'd to blood in whose red beams
 Pindus and Ossa (hid in drifts of snow
 Laid on my heart and liver ; from their veines)
 Melt like two hungry torrents : eating rocks
 Into the Ocean of all humane life,
 And make it bitter, only with my blood :
 O fraile condition of strength, valour ; vertue
 In me (like warning fire upon the top
 Of some steepe Beacon, on a steeper hill)
 Made to expresse it : like a falling starre
 Silently glanc't, that like a thunderbolt,
 Look't to have stuck and shook the firmament.

Meritw.

Vmb. Frier. Farewell brave reliques of a compleat man.

Look up and see thy spirit made a starre,
 Love flames with her rules, and when thou set'st
 Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
 Make the vast chrystall crack with thy receipt :
 Spread to a world of fire, and the aged skie
 Cheere with new sparks of old humanity.

Frier. Son of the earth, whom my unrested soule
 Rues t'have begotten in the faith of heaven ;
 Assay to gratulate and pacific,
 The soule fled from this worthy by performing
 The Christian reconcilement he besought
 Betwixt thee and thy Lady, let her wounds
 Manlesly digg'd in her, be eas'd and cur'd
 With balme of thine owne teares : or be assur'd
 Never to rest free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how she merits this : still kneeling by
 And mourning his fall, more than her own fault.

Vmb. Remove, deare daughter, and content thy husband :
 So piety wills thee, and thy servants peace.

Tamy. O wretched piety, that art so distract
 In thine owne constancie ; and in thy right
 Must be unrighteous : if I right my friend
 I wrong my husband : if his wrong I shunne,
 The duty of my friend I leave undone ;

Ill playes on both sides ; here and there, it riseth ;
 No place : no good so good, but ill compriseth ;
 O had I never married but for forme,
 Never vow'd faith but purpos'd to deceive :
 Never made conscience of any sinne,
 But clok't it privately, and made it common ;
 Nor never honour'd beene, in blood, or mind,
 Happy had I beene then, as others are
 Of the like licence ; I had then beene honour'd :
 Liv'd without envie : custome had benumb'd
 All sense of scruple, and all note of frailty :
 My fame had beene untouch'd, my heart unbroken :
 But (shunning all) I strike on all offence,
 O husband ? deare friend ? O my conscience !

Monf. Come let's away, my fences are not prooffe
 Against those plaints. — *Exeunt Guise, Monf.*
D'Ambois is borne off.

Mont. I must not yeeld to pity nor to love
 So servile and so trayterous : cease my bloud
 To wraastle with my honour, fame, and judgement:
 Away, forsake my house, forbear complaints
 Where thou hast bred them : here all things full,
 Of their owne shame and sorrow, leave my house.

Tam. Sweet Lord forgive me, and I will be gone,
 And till these wounds, that never balme shall close
 Till death hath enter'd at them, so I love them
 (Being opened by your hands) by death be cur'd
 I never more will grieve you with my sight :
 Never endure that any rooffe shall part
 Mine eyes and heaven : but to the open Deserts
 (Like to a hunted Tygres) I will flie :
 Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
 And look on no side till I be arriv'd.

Mont. I doe forgive thee, and upon my knees
 With hands (held up to heaven) with that mine honour
 Would suffer reconciliation to my Love :
 But since it will not, honour, never serve
 My Love with flourishing object till it serve :

And as this Taper, though it upwards look,
 Downwards must needs consume, so let our love;
 As having lost his hony, the sweet taste
 Runnes into favour, and will needs retaine
 A spice of his first parents, till (like life)
 It sees and dies; so let our love: And lastly,
 As when the flame is suffer'd to look up,
 It keepes his luster: but, being thus turn'd downe
 (His naturall course of usefull light inverted)
 His owne stufte puts it out: so let our love
 Now turne from me, as here I turne from thee,
 And may both points of heavens strait axeltree
 Conjoyne in one, before thy selfe and me. *Exeunt severally.*

Finis Actus Quinti & ultimi.



Epilogue.

(slaine,
With many hands you have seene D'Ambois
Yet by your grace he may revive againe,
And every day grow stronger in his skill
To please, as we presume he is in will.
The best deserving Actors of the time
Had their ascents; and by degrees did clime
To their full height, a place to studie due
To make him tread in their path lies in you;
Hee'le not forget his Makers; but still provè
His thankfulnessse as you encrease your love.

FINIS.
